

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, AUGUST 17, 1861.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

NOTICE!

FRANK LESLIE'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR.

No. 5 of this magnificent Pictorial History of the War is now ready. The immense sale which has attended its production has already exhausted two editions of the back numbers. The printing of this great work is a matter of extreme difficulty and delicacy, and cannot be hurried through like an ordinary newspaper. It requires time, and those who are impatient for their back numbers will please bear this fact in mind as a sufficient excuse for apparent delay. Nos. 2 and 3 are now ready, and Nos. 1 and 4 will be ready in a few days.

BURNING OF THE VILLAGE OF HAMPTON, VA. By the Rebels under General Magruder.

In our last issue we gave a sketch of the village of Hampton, showing the burning of two or three prominent buildings by order of Major-General Butler, on the withdrawal of his force from that

place. Since then the village, one of the oldest in the State, together with its picturesque old church, which we engrave elsewhere, has been utterly destroyed by order of General Magruder of the rebel army, who has advanced towards it with a force of seven thousand men, including two hundred cavalry and eight pieces of artillery, viz., three Parrott guns, four howitzers and one rifled cannon. Part of the troops were from Williamsport. Monday night they encamped at Great Bethel, which had been completely deserted.

A few minutes past midnight of Wednesday, 7th inst., General Magruder, with about six hundred rebels, some of them belonging to Hampton, entered the town and immediately fired the buildings with torches. The greater part of the five hundred houses were built of wood, and no rain having fallen lately, the strong south wind soon produced a terrible conflagration.

Mr. Scofield, a native of Darien, Connecticut, and a resident of Hampton, Virginia, for the past five years carrying on a general variety business in that village, was there at the firing of the place by the rebels. At about half-past eleven o'clock on Wednesday night the rebels arrived at Hampton and completely surrounded the place. The poor inhabitants, at least all that were left, were sound asleep, and awakened by the sharp firing of the rebel pickets

and the Union troops of Colonel Weber, who were posted on the other side of the creek. It was now about twenty minutes past twelve o'clock on Thursday morning when Mr. Scofield noticed about six houses, down town, being fired through the weather boards with flambeaux or torches, apparently saturated with tar. An old female slave walked through the place and awakened those that had not heard the firing. All was bustle and confusion. Mr. Scofield hurriedly dressed himself in a light suit lying handy to his bed, and by the time he had on his pantaloons and shirt he heard loud knocks at the front door, and before he could get out of the door his bedroom was already set on fire by one of the torches. In the confusion he escaped, but heard some one say, "We want you," and Mr. Scofield, asking who addressed him, was answered that it was a member of the North Carolina regiment. Mr. Scofield, however, escaped, having been fired upon once by a pistol shot; but fortunately escaped unhurt. On the outskirts of Hampton, going towards Old Point, he met an old acquaintance formerly of Hampton, belonging to the cavalry, who answered to a question why Hampton was fired, that the "cursed Yankees" having had possession of the place once and evacuated it, they (the rebels) might not get another opportunity, and they would set fire to it at once and



BURNING OF THE VILLAGE OF HAMPTON, VA., BY THE REBEL TROOPS UNDER GENERAL MAGRUDER, MIDNIGHT, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER'S COMMAND.

keep them from having the same for winter quarters. The village is a complete wreck; every house is gutted with the exception of about five at the north and south end of the town, which are the residences of Mr. Moody, the sutler at the fort; Miss Eliza Jones' (a brick building); the Episcopal parsonage; the house of Joseph Phillips, H. Clay Whiting's store and warehouse, and one or two small frame houses on the outskirts.

The reason of these being spared was that the rebels had no time to persecute their hellish work further, being closely pressed by Colonel Weber's men, and the wind blowing south-west swept through the middle of the town, leaving these buildings untouched.

Barnum's American Museum.

A LIVING HIPPOPOTAMUS, from the River Nile, the most wonderful animal ever exhibited in America, has just been added to the Museum, where he may be seen at all hours, with all the other Novelties and Curiosities, and superb Dramatic Performances every day at 3 and 7½ o'clock P. M. Admission to all only 25 cents. Children under ten, 15 cents.

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FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 17, 1861.

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THIRTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS.

EXTRA SESSION.

Senate.—On Tuesday, the 6th August, Congress adjourned, *sine die*, having fulfilled the object of its most momentous Session in a manner calculated to incur the lasting respect of the nation. The Senate spent a considerable portion of the time previous to adjournment in Executive Session, acting upon appointments and communications sent in by the President, who, with several members of the Cabinet, was at the Capitol attending to the approval of bills. All the measures passed by Congress were approved by him, earnestly and cordially; the only one at which he hesitated was that providing for the confiscation of rebel property. This, after some little consideration, he signed. The resolution to consider the imprisonment of certain Baltimoreans unconstitutional was rejected by 33 to 7. After unimportant matters, the Senate closed the labors of its Extra Session, and adjourned *sine die*.

House. August 6.—The Senate bill to increase the pay of the volunteers and regular army was passed. A resolution was adopted, calling upon the President to communicate at the next Session copies of all correspondence with foreign nations since 1853, relative to maritime rights. The hour for adjournment having arrived, the President was waited upon by a Committee in the usual way, and, through them, informed the House that he had no further communication to make, whereupon the Speaker declared the House adjourned *sine die*.

Foreign News.

England.—Lord John Russell, now Earl Russell, of Ludlow, has taken his farewell of the citizens of London, in a speech he made at Guildhall. Lord Palmerston assumes his position as exponent in the House of Commons of the foreign policy of the British Government. In a recent debate, Lord Palmerston made a very bitter speech upon the Spanish Government for its infamous patronage of the Slave trade. It is evident that, however England may want cotton, it has still the same rooted hostility to the slave trade that it had in the days of Wilberforce and Zachary Macaulay. The British press confine their attention almost exclusively to the consideration of our American troubles. Their tone is more friendly, but their view of the case, with the exception of the *Manchester Guardian* and the *London Daily News*, shows so much ignorance of the real issue, that their speculations are of little interest except as evidences of national sentiment.

France.—The Emperor is still at Vichy, from whence he would depart for the camp at Chalons on the 1st of August. The French journals (with the exception of the *Moniteur*) were discussing Lord John Russell's speech in the British House of Commons, in which he said that if France were to take or accept Rialdia, it would put an end to the alliance. *Le Nord*, the Russian organ, published in Brussels, was to be removed to Paris, where it would advocate the more cordial alliance between the Czar and Emperor. Considerable anxiety was felt in France on account of the American civil war, as it involved the tobacco and cotton crops, both of which are indispensable to the well-being of France—the former for revenue and the other for the manufacturers. In their respects, France was prosperous and quiet, although there was beginning to be felt a great want of money.

Austria.—Hungary very discontented, but the undoubted alliance between Russia, Austria and Prussia for the summary putting down of any rebellion, paralyzed any effort to revolt.

Italy.—Risacola continues the policy of Cavour, and remains on the same good terms with his great ally, the hero of Solferino. The health of the Pope was very fluctuating, and public opinion was already roaming in search of a successor.

Japan.—A correspondence had taken place between Mr. Harris, the American Minister, and Mr. Alcock, the British Minister, on the expediency of removing the Consulates from Yeddo to Yokohama, to which latter place the French and British Consuls went on the murder of Mr. Heusken. Mr. Harris is inclined—if we may judge from his letters, too much inclined—to favor the Japanese, who have proved themselves to be, in every transaction, cruel, crafty, false and treacherous. He actually lays the murder of Mr. Heusken upon the imprudence of that unfortunate gentleman, rather than upon his miserable assassins.

State of the Nation.

The official reports from the General commanding, the Generals of divisions, Colonels of regiments and batteries, of the battle at Bull Run, although they bring no new matter to light, are highly satisfactory as evidence of the excellent behavior of a majority of our men in the field, and of the fact that, up to three o'clock in the day, we had won a victory which was utterly wrested from us by the pouring in of large re-enforcements to the ranks of the rebels. Our men succumbed to superior numbers, but the retreat or panic of a portion was gallantly covered by others, and we showed an unbroken, if retreating, front to the enemy.

General McDowell's report is a simple, straightforward account of his plan of action. So far as we can judge, his plan was well conceived, and would have been carried out successfully with the force under his command if he could have moved at the time he proposed. But a delay of several days, caused by the sluggish movements of the Government, disarranged his plans, robbed him of trained troops, and enabled the force of General Johnston to form a junction with the rebels on the very day of the battle, a fact which turned the Federal victory into a panic and a defeat.

The country will be satisfied with this report, because it shows that, although the action was not successful, it was not the mad, unconsidered enterprise which many have represented it to be. It had in it the elements of success; judgment, foresight and undaunted intrepidity distinguished it, and only the accession of

new foes, which made the odds too great, turned the tide against us.

Counting up our losses, and balancing them against the experience we have gained, which, showing us where we were most weak, has indicated the means of acquiring the necessary strength, we are prepared to say that our loss has been a positive gain, and that the blood of our brave soldiers will not have been shed in vain.

General McClellan is quietly but energetically carrying out his plan of organizing our army. He is too thorough a soldier not to know that the crowning element of a successful army is discipline, rigid, if not arbitrary, and he is making our men realize that important fact. The idea that all men are equal may do very well as a civil theory, but it is utterly impracticable in a military sense. The men cannot grumble, for the same rules are made applicable to their officers, who, under McClellan's rule, begin to learn that a soldier's career has higher responsibilities than bearing the title of captain, and sporting a dashing uniform in saloons and bar-rooms. The present is the most serious epoch in our country's existence, and it is well that it should be viewed with a gravity becoming its importance.

We cannot forbear quoting one paragraph from General McDowell's report, yet we do so with a sense of shame that there could be found in the ranks of the defenders of their country so many white-livered recreants as this passage indicates. Let New York and Pennsylvania read and blush for their false-hearted sons:

On the eve of the battle the Fourth Pennsylvania regiment of volunteers, and the battery of volunteer artillery of the New York Eighth Militia, whose term of service expired, insisted on their discharge. I wrote to the regiment, expressing a request for them to remain a short time, and the Hon. Secretary of War, who was at the time on the ground, tried to induce the battery to remain at least five days. But in vain. They insisted on their discharge that night. It was granted, and the next morning, when the army moved forward into the battle, these troops moved to the rear, to the sound of the enemy's cannon.

In South-western Missouri that gallant and active soldier, Brigadier-General Lyon, has achieved another victory over the rebel troops. On Friday, the 2d inst., he learned that Ben McCulloch and his Southern hordes were approaching to give him battle, ordered his men under arms, and marched out to meet him. On approaching a ravine known as Dug Spring the enemy was discovered in large force and marshalled in battle array. Our force was eight thousand, that of Ben McCulloch's fifteen thousand. The engagement was opened by Lyon's artillery, which was promptly replied to by the enemy.

After some hard fighting, in which the artillery of Lyon proved its superiority, the enemy retreated with a loss of forty killed and forty-four wounded. Our loss is eight killed and thirty wounded. We took eighty stand of arms, fifteen horses and wagons, and other trophies.

The advantages of cavalry were exhibited in this contest. During the engagement a small squad of dragoons made a sudden charge upon a column of the enemy, numbering some four thousand. The suddenness of the onset created a stampede among the infantry, and our boys cut their way through them, and came back with the loss of five of their number.

The next day General Lyon advanced from Dug Spring towards Curran, when a body of rebels, some three thousand strong, were discovered posted on a hillside south-west of that place. He immediately formed his men for battle, and was moving forward, when Captain Dubois's battery opened with such effect that the enemy was forced to beat a hasty retreat, without waiting for General Lyon's arrival. The loss of the rebels is not known—that of the National forces was none killed and none wounded.

One of our war ships has done something at last, and did it very effectually too. The Confederate States pirate schooner *Petrel*, some time since the United States revenue cutter *Aiken*, when off Charleston discovered the United States frigate *St. Lawrence*, and at first mistook her for an East Indiaman. She made for her at once, but soon discovered her mistake. The captain, however, descending to his cabin, took a stiff horn of brandy, and with a foolhardiness altogether astonishing fired three guns at the *St. Lawrence*, once with grape and twice with solid shot. The *St. Lawrence* opened her ports, fired her broadside into the pirate, which sunk her at once. A shell struck her bows, and bursting literally tore her to pieces. Eight of the crew were instantly killed, and the remaining thirty-six were rescued by the boats of the *St. Lawrence*, and are now lodged in Moyamensing jail.

At Athens, on the Des Moines River, North-east Missouri, a brisk fight took place resulting in the success of the Union forces. A considerable amount of arms and ammunition for the National troops were stored there, under the care of Captain Moore, with three hundred and fifty men, and a band of rebels upwards of a thousand strong made an attack upon the place for the purpose of capturing them. The fight lasted about an hour, when the rebels were forced to retire without their booty. Captain Moore, having been reinforced with one hundred and fifty men from Centralia, subsequently pursued the rebels about a mile and a half, killing and wounding a number, and capturing several prisoners. The rebel loss in killed was fourteen, while the National loss was only three killed and eight wounded.

A thrill of intense satisfaction ran through the whole Union States on the receipt of the glorious news from Kentucky. As in the case of Missouri, the rebels hoped by the Convention to vote Kentucky out of the Union; but the loyal men exerted themselves, and the rebels were utterly defeated by a majority of over sixty thousand votes. This is one of the most glorious triumphs of law and order, and will prove a terrible blow to the hopes of the Confederate traitors. It is now expected that John C. Breckinridge will at once resign his seat in the Senate. He pledged himself to do so if Kentucky declared against him, and as his place will be filled by a loyal man, his loss will be our gain.

General Fremont is displaying extraordinary activity in his command. He is personally inspecting every point, and his presence everywhere excites the highest enthusiasm. He has received an immense amount of heavy ordnance, and we have perfect confidence in his ability to use it to the best advantage. His presence gives unbounded confidence to the Union men in Missouri, and we shall soon see the war spirit rising to a point of enthusiasm which will utterly extinguish the hopes of the Secession traitors in that quarter.

The barbarous and unnecessary burning of the pleasant village

of Hampton, Va., by the rebel troops under Magruder, we have illustrated and described in another place. It was an act of shameless wantonness, and utterly disgraces the man who conceived and those who executed it.

General Banks maintains his position at Sandy Hook, Md., and no demonstration to attack him has as yet been made by the enemy.

Prince Napoleon has paid a visit to the rebels at Manassas Junction. He was received by Beauregard and Johnston, passed the night in Beauregard's bed, examined the fortifications and returned to Washington with a silent tongue. It is believed that he was not very favorably impressed with what he saw, for though earnestly pressed to proceed to Richmond by Beauregard, he declined very decidedly to take the journey. We are rather inclined to think that the living was hardly up to the mark of his fastidious Parisian taste.

With the exception of the threatening advance of seven thousand rebel troops under Magruder upon Hampton, and the transfer of several regiments from Washington to the defensive lines on the Potomac, affairs in Virginia are unaltered. Rumors are afloat of some great movement to be speedily executed, but such rumors are not to be trusted.

General McClellan has made arrangements with the correspondents of the press, so that no information in advance of military movements can be transmitted to the papers. The enemy must therefore derive his information from other sources.

It has caused some surprise that, while the resolutions to indemnify the President for certain violations of the Constitution, such as raising an army, suspending the *habeas corpus*, putting down the *St. Louis Gazette*, and other extraordinary acts, passed the House of Representatives, these very necessary resolutions to hold the President harmless did not pass the Senate. They have been, it is said, held over. One of the reasons given is, that while the Senate perfectly approved of the exercise of these extra-Constitutional privileges, yet it was not desirable to give his Excellency a fresh licence to start again. The matter, however, is of little importance; the people approve of every one of those acts which have rendered a resolution of indemnity necessary, to save the President from those imaginary pains and penalties which the Secessionists so amusingly threaten him with.

PERSONAL.

It is somewhat a singular coincidence that by the Fulton Mrs. Patterson, the divorced wife of the late Jerome Bonaparte, arrived, and took up her quarters in the New York Hotel, where the Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clothilde remain while in this city.

On Thursday the Palmer Brothers, editors and proprietors of the *Democratic Standard*, a Secession paper published at Hartford, Conn., were waited upon by some citizens and some of the returned soldiers, who demanded the retraction of some remarks reflecting upon the courage of the regiment. The Palmers not only refused the apology, but fired at the crowd, wounding two soldiers. The mob thereupon gutted the office, and destroyed the entire stock in trade of the *Standard*. The police had considerable trouble in getting the editors to a place of safety.

The Committee for the Prize Anthem have announced that as none of the twelve hundred poems sent in were worthy of the prize, they have withdrawn from their position. The idea that twelve hundred American Tennysons cannot write a national anthem between them is too absurd; why, it is at the rate of sixty-seven poems to a line, or six seven-tenths of a young Milton to a word. Why does not the Secretary of War invite the rejected twelve hundred to form themselves into a regiment, under the command of Colonel Grant White? We want cavalry, and then every man could ride his own Pegasus.

SENATORS BRECKINRIDGE and VALLANDIGHAM were entertained by their Secession admirers on Friday, the 10th of August, at the Eutaw House, Baltimore. Upon Senator Breckinridge commencing a speech from the balcony, the crowd refused to hear him, and he thereupon retired.

MR. SOTHERN, the Lord Dunderbary, *par excellence* of the drama, has lately been performing a farewell engagement in Buffalo, previous to his departure for Europe. He has lately produced two novelties, "*Sothern in a Fix*," which is a roaring farce, and "*The Angel of Midnight*," which is a drama of supernatural effects and pretensions. Mr. Sothern will doubtless make a great hit in London, since the hereditary Dunderbaries will, of course, be anxious to see how an American translates the manners and customs of the Peerage.

OUR excellent and genial English friend, John Cassell, whose tour in America, now publishing in *Cassell's Journal*, has caused so much interest on both sides of the Atlantic, has sent us a beautiful ribbon, which cannot fail to be welcome to every patriotic American. It represents, on a field of blue, the American Eagle resting between two flags of the Stars and Stripes, and with the motto of *E Pluribus Unum*. The manufacturer of this beautiful symbol is Mr. Henry Elmsley, of Coventry, England, a renowned ribbon manufacturer of that famous city. The badge is doubly welcome on account of the sentiment and the donor.

WE very cordially welcome among the editorial corps of New York city Mrs. L. D. Shears, long a valuable contributor to our columns, and a lady of varied and admirable ability. She has taken charge of the *Ladies' Wreath*, a monthly magazine, which in her hands will assuredly become widely and deservedly popular. A new and highly interesting serial tale, by the editress we presume, called "*Little Brown Bessie*," is commenced in the August number, which contains, besides much pleasant matter, an excellent engraving and the first of a series of colored plates of our gallant regiments.

THE Editors of London are a gallant class. Mrs. Stirling, an actress, lately was robbed of all her jewelry, genuine and bogus. Dreadful was it for her to personate a princess without pearls, or a duchess without diamonds. She was on the point of using cherries as earrings, when Tom Taylor, Mark Lemon and Dudley Costello gave her a complimentary benefit, raised the funds, and a woman, who was dying for diamonds, was saved by a vital supply of brilliant, pearls, paste, amethysts, rubies and other necessities of life.

GRIST took her farewell of the public world at the Queen's Theatre, London, on the 24th July. Even that deformed humorist, *Punch*, was affected.

OUR Napoleon, Fernando Wood, and his Clothilde, visited the Princess Clothilde on Friday, at the New York Hotel, and were received with distinguished consideration by the fair daughter of the House of Savoy.

SIXTEEN have congenialities been better located than they are now at Long Branch. Archbishop Hughes, whose *St. Alerino* and Bull's Run established his fame over Jefferson Brick, is now hobnobbing with our Billiard Editor, Michael Phelan, at the best hotel in Long Branch. The Wallacks, *père et fils*, are at the "Hut." The ever blooming Mrs. Hoey, the most piquant, *spirituelle* and charming actress of the age, blooms like a violet in a little cottage close by, making Johnny Cakes; whilst the greatest and worst of our actors, Blake, rolls, grampus-like, in the neighboring ocean. England had once her Admiral Blake; we excel her by a syllable, we have our Admiral (ble) Blake!

BREXID WOLLENHAUPT, the great violinist, has been dangerously sick, at his residence in this city. He is now convalescing.

ROBERT STOEPEL is the musical director at Wallack's Theatre the ensuing season.

MRS. MATILDA HERON STOEPEL is quietly waiting her opportunity. She has several fine new plays, which she will probably produce during the coming season.

HERMAN, THE MAGICIAN.

WE have heard so much talk recently about the new magician who has visited this country, and will in all probability make New York individually acquainted with his skill at the end of August, that some two days since, on seeing a magnificent photograph recently taken of him at Gurney's, we have been induced to make some inquiries respecting him from friends who have seen him performing in Havana. From these we have heard enough to convince us that he is one of the greatest necromantic marvels that has ever visited this country.

Herman, the magician, is a man who almost entirely depends upon his single skill in the art of wheedling an audience out of their seven senses. He uses no stage apparatus, as the commoner class of magicians ordinarily do; but accomplishes his tricks right under the nose of a doubting spectator, with far more certainty than other of the *dii minores* of his art manage theirs with confederates and the whole of their costly stage machinery. This alone ought to entitle, as it has entitled him, to a first-class recognition in every country.

which he may visit. He has shone in Russia, Austria, Prussia, France, England, Spain, Portugal and Brazil as a living marvel. Emperors have petted and kings caressed him, while themselves and their families have bestowed upon him the costliest *cadeaux*. It now only remains for him to prove himself the human wonder which he is said to be in the greatest republic that has ever existed. When he does so he will find that our emperor, the people, will be even warmer and more generous in their admiration of him than any crowned head has yet been, while their gifts will be such as perhaps he may not deposit in his private museum of imperial and royal jewellery, yet will swell to a larger value upon the right side of his banking-book.

SOUTHERN MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

SOUTH CAROLINA, CHARLESTON.—Despite the blockade several arrivals and departures have occurred. It is said that the captain of a British gunboat called the *Racer* had an interview with the captain of our blockading steamer the *Wabash*, and that afterwards the latter vessel sailed away, and was absent more than two days, during which several vessels laden with produce sailed for Liverpool. The more probable account is that the captain heard some intelligence of one of the Rebel privateers, and went after her. Trade is very dull. The Charleston *News* has been discontinued. The Charleston press does not rejoice so much over the recent victory as the rest of the Secession journals. It is said that Governor Pickens is not satisfied with the manner in which the State he rules has been treated.

LOUISIANA, NEW ORLEANS.—The refusal of the bankers to agree to the Rebel loan has very much surprised the ultra Secessionists. It was proposed that the Government should purchase all the cotton at ten cents a pound, and the tobacco at seven cents, and issue Treasury notes for the amount—this to be used as currency. The great objection to the plan consists in the chance that all this produce will not be sold, in consequence of the blockade, till next year, when a second crop will have rendered both these grand staples mere drags in the market. This would, of course, involve the Government in a loss of above one hundred millions. The New Orleans papers indulge in the most poetical versions of the Bull's Run affair. It seems very certain that the loss on the Confederate side was fully equal to that on the Union.

BATON ROUGE.—Great preparations are making here to form a camp, to be prepared for General Fremont's expected advance in November.

FLORIDA, PENNSACOLA.—Only 3,000 Rebel forces remain here. General Bragg spends all his time in drilling the companies that are sent to him from Alabama and Louisiana, and then despatching them to Richmond. There seems to be much more method in the Confederate Government than in ours. In the meantime the Wilson Zouaves are being trained at their camp on San Rosa. Many complaints are made by the Unionists at the inefficiency of the blockade of the coast—more especially the mouths of the Mississippi—as several privateers have escaped to prey upon our commerce. Several British vessels of war are cruising along the coast, occasionally anchoring alongside the Federal fleet. Sir Alexander Milne, the British Admiral of the West India station, has denied the statement of the New York *Times* that he had reported to the British Government that the blockade was inefficient. The privateer *McRae* escaped from New Orleans on the 30th of July, and is now doubtless committing havoc on our trade.

The *Florida Peninsula*, of July 20, says: "From a reliable source we receive information to the effect that the steamer *Cuyler*, blockading this port, has landed thirty or forty men, with three eighteen-pounders, on Egmont Key, who have erected a battery on the east side of that island. Our readers will not be at a loss to account for the causes which induced this movement on the part of the enemy, when we inform them that the portion of the smack *Wilbur's crew* who were permitted to leave here for Key West, on Friday of last week, instead of going directly to the latter place, ran alongside the *Cuyler*, immediately after which the troops and cannon above mentioned were sent ashore. This crew could have avoided the blockading steamer by taking the inland passage, but (as was feared by those of our citizens who doubted the propriety of allowing them to go back to Key West at that particular time) they preferred giving their friends a call before going home. We say friends, because our informant states that this same crew were on the island with the troops—whether as volunteers in the Lincoln service, or as prisoners, the reader can judge from the facts before him. We hope that this affair will serve to make our commander more cautious in future in allowing persons, whom he does not know to be 'sound on the goose,' to go in the direction of Key West, or in the neighborhood of the blockading steamer."

TEXAS.—R. C. Flournoy arrived in Memphis from California on Saturday. He came by the overland route to St. Louis, and by rail thence to Louisville, and from Louisville to Memphis. He passed through Los Angeles on the 4th day of July. General A. S. Johnston left Los Angeles for Texas on the 2d ult., with a party of nearly one hundred men, and among the number several other resigned officers of the United States Army. The party designed to cross the Colorado desert into North-western Texas, which would require a journey of sixty days. So their arrival may be looked for about the 1st of September. Mr. F. says the party is well mounted and fully armed, and no fears need be entertained for their safety.

VIRGINIA.—A correspondent of a Tennessee paper writes from Staunton, Va., July 27, as follows: "We reached Charlottesville on Thursday night, but instead of being ordered to Manassas, as we desired, we were ordered on to the north-west, to meet and check the troops under McClellan or Rosecrans, whoever now commands. We started again on Friday morning, about seven o'clock, and reached this place in the evening, and pitched our tents again. We will wait here until all of our brigade, under command of General S. R. Anderson, get all together. Some of them got here before us, more arrived last night, and they still continue to come. In all probability we will start this evening or to-morrow. When we start from here we will do it on foot. We will march, unless countermanded, for the mountains, where we will, in all probability, co-operate with the independent army of 20,000 under Gen. Woe."

The following, from the Richmond *Dispatch*, shows that both the Wisnes have made a successful retreat upon their reserves: "Captain O. J. Wise, of the Richmond Blues, arrived in this city yesterday, on business connected with the War Department. We learn that the Blues, with the Wise Legion, are at the White Sulphur Springs, in Greenbrier. General Floyd's brigade are at the Sweet Springs."

NORTH CAROLINA.—It has been pretty well established that the South is well supplied by the way of some little ports in North Carolina, Beaufort doing a very large business. The water is so shallow that our blockading vessels cannot follow them, and, consequently, the cargoes are landed, and sometimes the vessels are burned. The rebels are building batteries at certain spots on the coast to cover the retreat of these schooners, &c. Some came from Liverpool and many from Maryland and Delaware. A very large trade has been carried on with Shelton, a little village on the Pocomoke river. The late expedition of the *Frederick* and other vessels from Fortress Monroe, it is said, will put an end to this supply. The Wilmington *Sentinel* says that a company of rifles is being raised in Delaware, and that a man named Spencer is to command it. It is certain that Delaware carries on considerable illicit trade with the rebels.

MISSOURI.—The St. Louis *Democrat* thus describes the recent battle at Dug Spring, between Lyon and McCulloch.

On Friday, the 2d instant, General Lyon hearing that Ben McCulloch and his Southern hordes were approaching to give him battle, ordered his men under arms, and marched out to meet him. On approaching a ravine, known as Dug Spring, the enemy was discovered in large force and marshaled in battle array. Our force was 8,000, that of Ben McCulloch 15,000. The engagement was opened by Lyon's artillery, which was promptly replied to by the enemy.

After some hard fighting, in which the artillery of Lyon proved its superiority, the enemy retreated with a loss of forty killed and forty-four wounded. We took eighty stand of arms, fifteen horses and wagons, and other trophies. The advantages of cavalry were exhibited in this contest. During the engagement a small squad of dragoons made a sudden charge upon a column of the enemy, numbering some 4,000. The suddenness of the onset created a stampede among the infantry, and our boys cut their way through them, and came back with the loss of five of their number.

General Lyon is said to be strongly posted, and his camp is in close proximity to the rebels. A battle was momentarily expected. Springfield was in a state of great excitement. Only four companies of infantry, two cannon and six hundred Mome Guards were left in the city.

An incident occurred in the battle which indicates the character of the foe we have to contend with. One of Colonel Sigel's lieutenants had prostrated a Secessionist, who then begged for quarter, which the chivalrous lieutenant granted, but as soon as the black-hearted rebel regained his feet, he seized his gun and shot the generous foe; but the lieutenant killed him and two other Secessionists, and rode back, when he fell from his horse and died in two hours.

The Secessionists, they say, are determined to take Springfield, on account of its determined Union sentiments. It is said there is a body of some five thousand men thirty miles west who are coming to attack the town.

Ex-Governor Jackson, of Missouri, when in Richmond, on the 5th, said that he was going back to regain his State, which he should attempt at the head of 40,000 men, having that number already mustered in Arkansas and Western Missouri.

At Bethany, Harrison county, Mo., on the 19th, a camp of rebels was attacked by the Unionists, but they managed to escape. On the 24th, however, the Union forces surrounded another camp of rebels, and took them all prisoners. General Lyon would not release them on their offering to take the oath of allegiance.

The next day, Colonel Graynor, at the head of his regiment, surprised another camp of rebels near Gentryville, and after some parleying accepted their conditional surrender, namely, giving up their arms, flag and other property, and taking the oath of allegiance.

KENTUCKY.—Although the total returns have not yet come in, there can be no doubt that Kentucky has done for the Union by a very large majority. So much so, that both Senators Powell and Breckinridge have expressed their intention of resigning. This may, perhaps, mean going over to Richmond, but it is more probable a mere homage forced from them by such a remarkable and unexpected expression of State feeling.

Governor Magoffin has called for all the arms and ammunition taken by the Union troops at Mayfield, but it is doubtful whether the call will be responded to. Nevertheless, after the recent election, Kentucky may be considered as entirely safe for the Union. There have been no rebel or National movements in this State since our last.

THE POTOMAC.—Owing to the very proper reserve maintained by the authorities, little is known of the movements, and nothing whatever of their intentions; we have therefore merely to chronicle that General Banks has stationed his chief force on the Maryland shore, opposite Harper's Ferry, leaving a small force at the latter place to watch the enemy, who are strongly posted at Charlestown, about eight miles from Harper's Ferry and at Leesburg. A skirmish took place the other day between the advanced pickets, in which the enemy had several killed and wounded.

ALEXANDRIA.—It is stated that the Confederates have fortified Fairfax Court House, and are gradually getting nearer to Alexandria, which the Southern press loudly proclaims must be retaken by Beauregard. There have been no conflicts upon the river lately. Deserter represent Aquia Creek as having been strengthened both by large re-enforcements of men and cannon. The *Frederick* threw several shells into Mathias's Point on the 3d, but without eliciting any reply. It is, therefore, more than probable there is no battery there.

VIRGINIA.—Fortress Monroe is still to remain under the care of General Butler, and more regiments are to be sent with all possible dispatch. The contraband niggers are becoming very numerous and very troublesome. Greater order reigns both in the Fortress and Newport News, in consequence of the abolition of whiskey and the sutlers. The first regiment was represented as being very demoralized through the intemperance of some of their officers, but is now fast being worked into order again. A great difference of opinion exists as to the merits of the court martial upon Colonel Allen.

NEWPORT NEWS.—By the last accounts the regiments stationed here were on the *qui vive*, expecting an attack from General Magruder's force, which moved on the 9th of August to Great Bethel to the number of seven thousand. In the evening the rebels burnt Hampton, only giving the few families that remained there fifteen minutes to leave the town. It is said that several families perished in the flames. On the 8th General Butler paid a visit to Newport News, and presented to Colonel Phelps his commission of Brigadier-General.

TENNESSEE.—The Memphis *Argus* says: "We have just received information of a gallant exploit, in which a portion of our Memphis soldiers participated. Last Saturday night, Captain J. S. White, of the Tennessee Mounted Rifles, with a detachment of 200 men, composed of his own company, a portion of Captain Art's (Hardenman county) Avengers, and Captain Price's Missouri Scouts, made a forced march to the Cairo and Fulton Railroad, and destroyed three or four hundred yards of the track across the cypress swamp, between Charleston and Bird's Point. The abolition pickets were driven in, and the passage of trains on the road effectually stopped, as what could be torn up was burned. This road was very valuable to General Prentiss, and has been frequently used by him to convey marauding parties into the country. All the principal trestlework was guarded by Cairo troops, who, however, incontinently 'mizzled' on the approach of the Southern cavalry. This trestlework extends within six miles of Bird's Point, and one mile of Prentiss's masked batteries. The result of this gallant expedition was hailed with manifestations of joy by the citizens of that portion of Missouri, and at many places where previously the people, in consequence of their terror of Lincoln's thieves, dared not avow themselves Southern sympathisers. The cavalry found Secession flags flying upon their return."

ARKANSAS, LITTLE ROCK, August 5.—The Quartermaster of General Pearce's brigade, just down from the North-west, says that a scouting party of twenty-five from Churchill's regiment, encountered one hundred Federalists near Cassville, killing from seventeen to twenty-five of them. We escaped with the loss of four horses killed and wounded. Captain McClellan, of Yellville, says the Federalists drove the Missourians out of Forsyth a few days ago, and robbed the place. The Missourians killed thirty-six and had one man wounded.

IOWA, BURLINGTON, August 5.—The *Hawkeyes* received the following special despatch this afternoon:

"About 1,500 mounted rebels attacked 600 Union men at Athens, Mo., this morning, having two cannons. They were repulsed and fled, with a loss of twenty killed and many wounded, a number taken prisoners and sixty horses captured. The Union men, under Captain Colmore, were greatly aided by Captain Belknap's City Rifles and Captain Sample's cavalry, of Keokuk, on foot, using long range rifles. The battle lasted two hours. They were reinforced by McDowell's Division of 400 men, which left here this morning; 800 troops left this afternoon under Colonel Worthington."

THE ROMANCE OF WAR.

A LETTER from Atlanta, Ga., gives this incident of the battle at Bull's Run. A staff officer from Charleston, engaged in the battle of the 21st of July, says: "I rode out the day after the battle, and viewed the ground, and passed piles of dead in various positions. Under a large tree I saw a body lying, very handsomely dressed, with a fancy sword, and a handkerchief over the face. It attracted my curiosity. I stopped, removed the handkerchief, and saw one of the handsomest faces I ever met with of a boy not more than twelve or fourteen years old. His appearance and dress indicated high social position—probably he was a temporary aid to some general officer. To ascertain who he was I examined his pockets, and found a Testament, in which was written, 'James Elmonson, New York. From his loving mother. My son, remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.' I wished very much to take the body away, but I was six miles from quarters, on horseback, and it was impossible."

The Richmond correspondent of one of the Charleston papers relates the following:

"Among the prisoners is a noble looking and intelligent Zouave. I saw him on the field just after he was taken. While passing a group of our men, one of the latter called him some hard name. 'Sir,' said the Zouave, turning on his heel, and looking the Virginian full in the eyes, 'I have heard that you are a nation of gentlemen, but your insult comes from a coward and a knave. I am your prisoner, but you have no right to fling your curses upon me because I am an African. I consider myself the gentleman here.' 'I need not add that the Virginian slunk away under the merited rebuke, or that a dozen soldiers generously gathered around the prisoner and assured him of protection from further insult.'

A FEMALE was detected in Col. Guthrie's Kentucky regiment, at Racine, Ohio. She enlisted in Company D, on the 10th of May last, and has been doing good duty ever since. On all the long marches we have made, she has carried her musket and knapsack the whole time, and has never complained or lagged behind. On being closely questioned, she confessed that she was a spy and in constant communication with the rebels—that she is a member of the Knights of the Golden Circle, and through that Order, members of which she finds everywhere, she has found the means of forwarding letters to the rebels. She says she knew full well that the penalty for being a spy was death, and she is ready, whenever they wish to shoot her. She has been kept a prisoner ever since, and will be forwarded to Columbus for safe keeping. She poisoned one of the soldiers who discovered her sex. It did not injure him seriously. A confidant of hers, by the name of Williams, has been arrested, and will probably give some information of her.

AN F. F. V., with rather more than the usual superciliousness of his race, rode up in a carriage from the direction of Alexandria, driven of course by his servant. Zoo-zoo stepped into the road, holding his bayonet in such a way as to threaten horse, negro and white man, stopped the carriage, and roared out, 'Pickets.' Mr. V. turned up his lip, set down his brows, and by other gestures indicated his contempt for such mud-sills as the soldier before him, ending by handing his pass over to the darkey, and motioning him to get out and show it to Zoo-zoo.

"All right," said the latter, glancing at it, "move on," accompanying the remark with a jerk at the coat collar of the colored person, which sent him spinning several paces down the road. "Now, sir, what do you want?" addressing the astonished white man.

White man had by this time recovered his tongue. "What? I want to go on, of course. That was my pass." "Can't help it," replied Zoo; "it says pass the bearer, and the bearer of it has already passed. You can't get two men through this picket on one man's pass."

Mr. V. reflected a moment, glanced at the bayonet in front of him, and then called out to his black man to come back. Sambo approached cautiously, but fell back in confusion when the "shooting-stick" was brandished towards his own breast.

"Where's your pass, sirrah?" asked Zoo-zoo.

"Here, massa," said the chattel, presenting the same one he had received from the gunt in the carriage.

"Won't do," replied the holder of the bayonet. "That passes you to Fairfax. Can't let any one come from Fairfax on that ticket. Move on." A stamp of the foot sent Sambo down the road at a hand gallop.

"Now, sir, if you stay here any longer I shall take you under arrest to headquarters," he continued.

Mr. V. grabbed up his lines, wheeled around, and went off at the best trot his horses could manage over the "sacred soil." Whether Sambo ever hunted his master up is not known.

A WEALTHY VIRGINIAN—A YOUNG HEIRLESS GENTLEMAN WITH THE FIFTH WISCONSIN REGIMENT.—Company K (Dunn County Finery Rifles) of the Fifth Wisconsin Regiment, Volunteers, that passed through Cleveland a short time ago, is composed wholly of men who were in the employ of an extensive mill owner of Dunn county, named William Wilson. Wilson is immensely rich, worth several millions in fact, and fitted out the company himself. He has been in his employ from boyhood up, and he appears to them almost in a fraternal light. His daughter, Miss Eliza Wilson, a young lady of rare beauty and accomplishments, was exceedingly active in forming the company, and when they went to camp she accompanied them, and has been with them ever since. She was with the regiment when they passed through Cleveland, and declares her intention to remain with them through the war. She has been chosen "Daughter of the Regiment," and beside being nearly worshipped by the rough soldiers from her father's vast "pine-ries," she is held in great esteem by all the officers and soldiers of the regiment. She is a great enthusiast on the war question.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. H. LANE.

FOREMOST among the energetic men who have fought against Southern arrogance and the Slave Propaganda is Brigadier-General J. H. Lane, whose persistent opposition to the Missouri Border Ruffians in the Kansas conflict first brought him prominently into notice. When Mr. Buchanan sent Governor Walker and Mr. Stanton to put down the troubles in that unhappy Territory, they found Mr. Lane one of the firmest and most active supporters of Constitutional law and order, which he enforced in his favorite style, and which, it must be conceded, was the only one his opponents could understand. Upon the breaking out of the present rebellion, he offered his services to Mr. Lincoln, and raised a regiment for the defence of the Capital. He has recently been appointed a Brigadier-General. He is about forty-five years old, and fit for any emergency.

It may be adduced as a singular proof of General Lane's practical mind, that he chooses the best men, regardless of country. His staff comprises the following:

Captain Luigi Navoni, of Nice, Italy, has been in the service for years, having served with much distinction both in the Crimea and the late Italian war. He wears decorations received from the English, Turkish and Sardinian Governments.

Lieutenant Guis Laiguanite, of Calabria, has seen military service for twenty-two years, and was recently with Garibaldi in Italy.

Lieutenant Achille de Vecchi has the reputation of being a good soldier. He was a captain of artillery at Solferino, and has seen service for thirteen years.

Lieutenant Luigi Marini, of Sardinia, is a man distinguished for his brilliant services in Europe, and has been a soldier all his life.

Lieutenant James M. Pomeroy is an American, a cousin of Senator Pomeroy. He has been an officer in one of the three months' New York Regiments.

COL. WM. P. BENTON,

Eight Regiment Indiana Volunteers.

COLONEL BENTON, who distinguished himself by his personal bravery at Rich Mountain, was born in Frederick county, Maryland, in 1828. At the age of eighteen he enlisted for the war in Mexico, in the company of mounted riflemen under Captain Walker. He was present at Contreras, Churubusco, Chapultepec, and at the capture of the city of Mexico. On his return he re-entered college and finished his studies as a lawyer. He served as Prosecuting Attorney of Wayne county, Indiana, and was elected in 1856 as Judge of Common Pleas, Richmond, Wayne county.

When our present difficulties commenced Judge Benton at once prepared to enter actively in the struggle, and twenty-four hours after he commenced raising a company for the present war he was on his way with his boys to Indianapolis, where he was mustered into the service of the United States, his company being the first offered by Indiana. At Rich Mountain they captured the cannon on the right of the barn, Colonel Benton rushing on twenty feet in advance of his men. He exhibited the most marked gallantry. His fearless bearing encouraged his men, and made each one emulous of noble deeds. Colonel Benton is immensely popular with his men, who both love and respect him, and is an able and energetic officer.

BELLE AIR, OHIO.

Steamboats Conveying Troops and Munitions of War for the Federal Forces on the Great Kanawha.

BELLE AIR is a town situated on the Ohio river, three miles below Wheeling, Virginia. It is the eastern terminus of the Central Ohio Railroad, and the point for crossing the river connecting the Baltimore and Ohio with the above named railroad.

The place contains a population of fifteen hundred or two thousand inhabitants. Its importance, however, is owing to its eligible position for the rapid concentration of troops.

The sketch represents a fleet of boats lying in the river awaiting their quota of troops and munitions for the prosecution of the war on the Great Kanawha.

FOREIGN FLOATINGS CAUGHT BY THE WAY.

The late Emperor Nicholas of Russia was very fond, it is said, of whiskey today after dinner, and he used to make it himself. General X—having one day had the honor of sitting to punch with him, and remarking that he had become more sociable than usual, asked his majesty what he thought of Poland. Instead of answering, the Czar began to brew a fresh bowl, and having cut a lemon in two, he squeezed it, threw it into the fire, and in a hasty, peevish mood said, "Thus must Poland be treated before any good result from it to my empire."

An unsinkable iron ship has just been floated by Mr. Langley, of Deptford Green. She is called the *Bruton*, and is destined for Cape service. All the possible damage to any and every part has been arranged for, and if broken into bits and the bottom torn off, there will be life in the old sea dog still. The vessel, from the description, resembles those insects that are indestructible—cut them into any pieces, and each piece has full life in it, and seems, as it runs off on one leg, to relish the joke.

A STORY that is true, and is too good to be lost, is the following: A few days ago the good ship *Atalanta*, Captain Spratley, sailed from Southampton with a cargo of four hundred female emigrants, bound for Melbourne. The ship was two or three days in the Downs, and on the third day, just as the pilot was preparing to take his leave, off the Needles, it was reported to the captain that a great quantity of what sailors call "spun yarn," or "fine line," but which really means rope, of about the thickness of a finger, was missing. This rope had been stowed away in the lower deck, where the berths had been fitted up. Search was made for it in vain, and, as the captain could not put to sea, on such a voyage, without the requisite supply, great was his rage and disappointment at the robbery. The passengers' accommodation was then minutely searched for traces of the missing rope, when the captain's wife discovered that the whole of it had been taken by the girls and worked up into crinolines. The consequence was that the captain had to delay his voyage, and send to Southampton for a fresh supply; but whether the young ladies were mulcted in the cost we are unable to say.

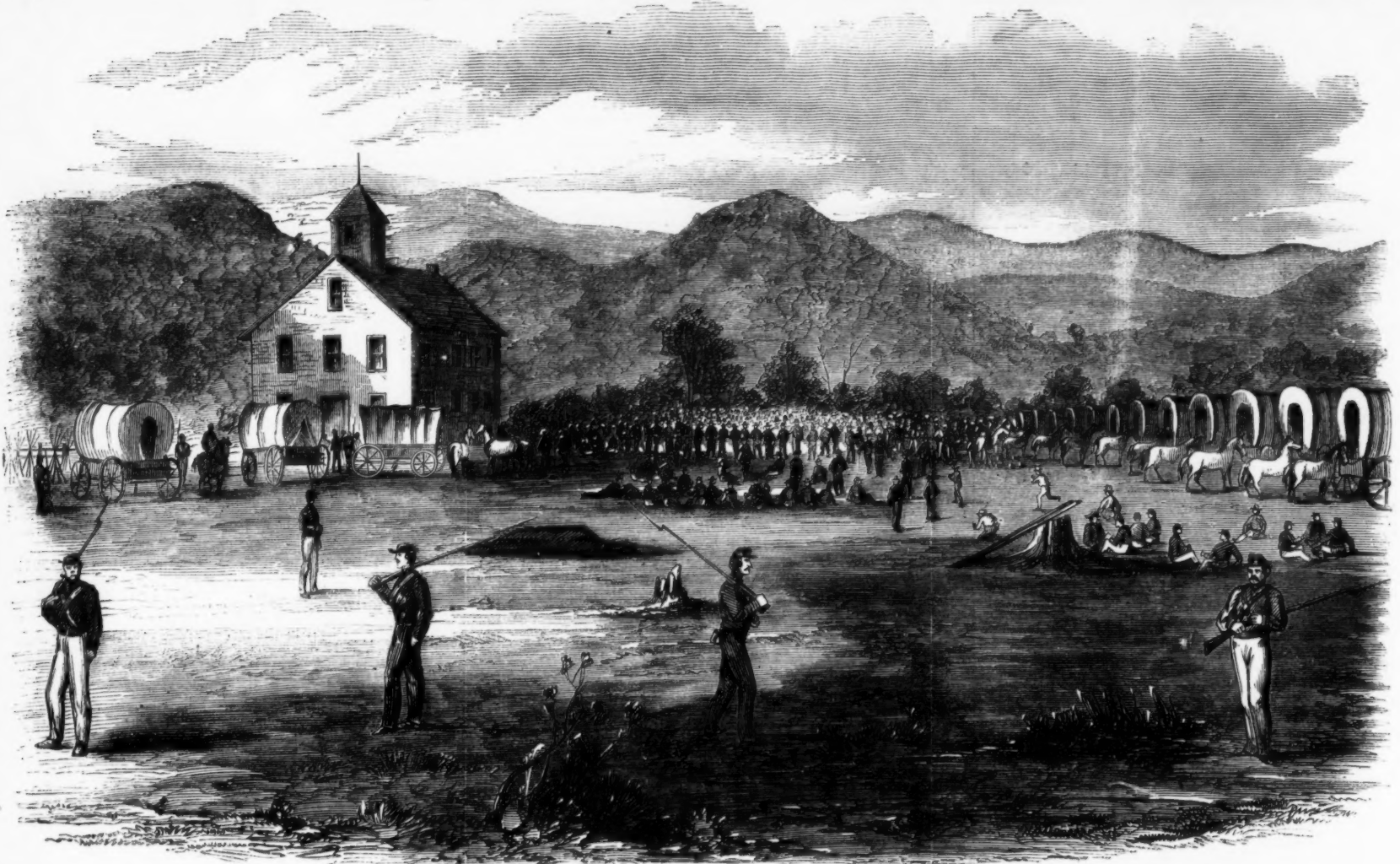
On Friday, the 5th July, there was a sale by auction at Newstead Abbey of valuable effects, formerly the property of Lord Byron. Many of the lots realized only moderate prices. The first printed copy of his early poems, with autograph, after a vigorous competition, fetched only nine pounds. Mr. Webb being the purchaser; and a pair of brass candlesticks, used by his lordship in college, were bought in by the same gentleman at three pounds and ten shillings. Lord Byron's punchbowl, broken, but repaired, and not perhaps intrinsically worth one shilling, realised three pounds and five shillings.

PRINCE FIERRE BONAPARTE, of Autell, has lately printed a little poem called "Sampiero," for private circulation, written originally in Italian, and translated by himself into French verse, both versions being given. It is a Corsican legend of war and patriotism, and shows the author to have inherited the talent for poetry possessed by his father, Lucien, who, it may be remembered, wrote an epic while an exile in England. M. Lamartine likens it, in a prefixed letter, to the "Jerusalem Delivered."

FROM ZARA (Dalmatia), we hear of the death of another Louis XVII. in the following terms: "A man named Trevisan, a watchmaker by trade, died at Zara a few days ago, at the age of seventy-four. When the child—a was raging at Zara in 1788, this individual, apprehending an attack of the disease, confided a strange secret to a lady in whose house he lived, which, since his death, she has communicated to the authorities. This secret is, that Trevisan was no other than Louis XVII. After escaping from the cruel hands of the cobler, Simon, he went to London, thence to Scotland, and subsequently to Padua, where a married couple, named Trevisan, gave him a document, stating that he was born in the year 1787, but the names of his parents are not mentioned in it. On his deathbed Trevisan made a similar statement to his physician. The authorities, in consequence of this information, caused a photographic portrait of the deceased to be taken, and an inquiry is to be made as to the truth of the facts alleged."

PRETENDED FAINTING.—Madame de X. was lately dining with Madame Z. at Paris; the dinner had passed off pleasantly, when, on rising from table, Madame X. thought proper to faint. She was immediately carried to the bed of the lady of the house, where she remained immovable. Her lacing was cut—sails applied to her nose—everything was useless—Madame X. still remained immovable on the elegant bed ornamented with silk and lace. One of the lookers-on, more scandalous than the rest, pretended that this fainting was only an ingenious device for taking a *siesta*, and declared himself ready to go and faint upon a sofa in a neighboring saloon. The mistress of the house grew weary of being employed for so long a time about the same person; her countenance made her a little malicious, and, to spread a scare for the fair fainter, she simply said, "Do you know what makes her ill? Her hair is too tight—it must be untied." These words acted like magic. Forgetting everything, by an involuntary movement the fair invalid put both her hands up to her head to defend her false braids from an aggression which might reveal too much; and feigning to come to herself, "Where am I?" said she, in a feeble voice. "At my house," replied her friend, "but your carriage is here, and in five minutes you will be in your own?" Moral of the story—Pretended fainting requires real hair.

The finest and largest of M. du Chailly's gorilla skins has at last been set up by a competent stuffer, and is now visible at the Geographical Society.



THE SOUTHERN PRISONERS CAPTURED BY MAJOR-GENERAL MCCLELLAN'S COLUMN IN THE SERIES OF BRILLIANT VICTORIES IN WESTERN VIRGINIA, UNDER CLAUD A. LIVERMORE, FALLOUT COUNTY, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL MCCLELLAN'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 214.

PRINCE NAPOLEON AT THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON.

PRINCE NAPOLEON, after a brief glance at the leading public works in New York, took the cars for Washington, and arrived at the capital on Friday, the 2d inst. He remained at the French Minister's on that night, and the next day he paid a visit to the President at the White House. He was most cordially received, Mr. Lincoln offering him the hospitalities of the Presidential mansion, and alluding to the critical period of his visit. The Prince was equally cordial in manner, but was far more reticent in his expressions. The dinner which the President tendered the Prince was a social and pleasant one, politics as a general thing being avoided. Mr. Seward in a great measure "did the agreeable," showing him that attention and courtesy due to his high position and the good will our country bears towards him. Our sketch shows the Prince and the distinguished guests of the President on the portico

of the White House, enjoying the beautiful scene and the delicious music discoursed by the band in the grounds.

BEALINGTON,

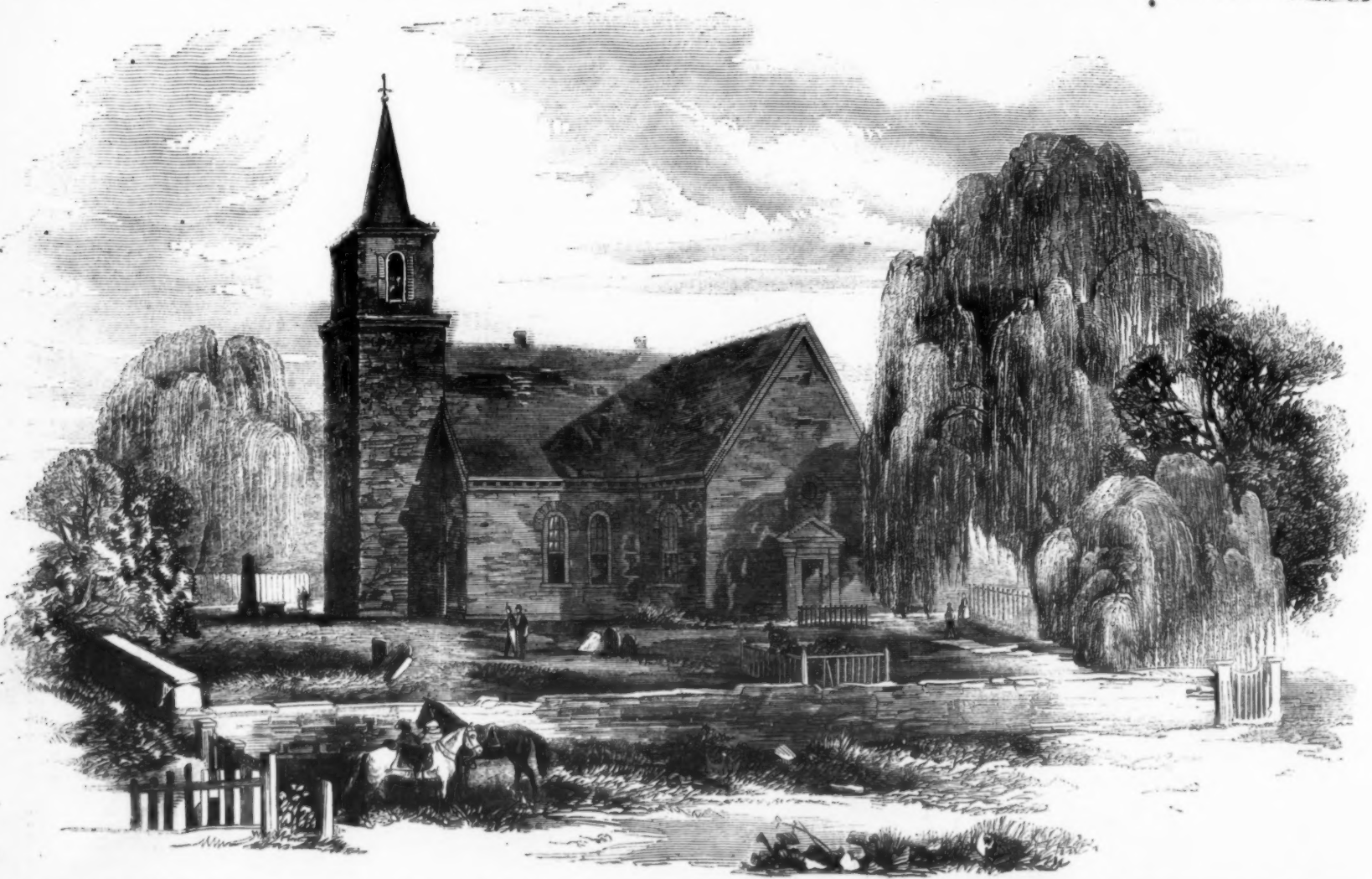
Near Laurel Hill, Western Virginia.

THE victorious career of Major-General McClellan has rendered many places in Western Virginia memorable. From the first moment McClellan placed his foot upon Virginian soil he has met with an uninterrupted course of success. Bealington, the scene of one of these victories, is a small village, consisting of a few scattered houses and the inevitable "store," situated on Beverley Pike, and near Laurel Hill, which the "Pike" crosses. Our sketch shows the fortified camp of the enemy, together with their batteries, and the hill where the gallant Sixth Indiana regiment overcame the rebel enemy.

DISCOVERING A NEW REBEL BATTERY

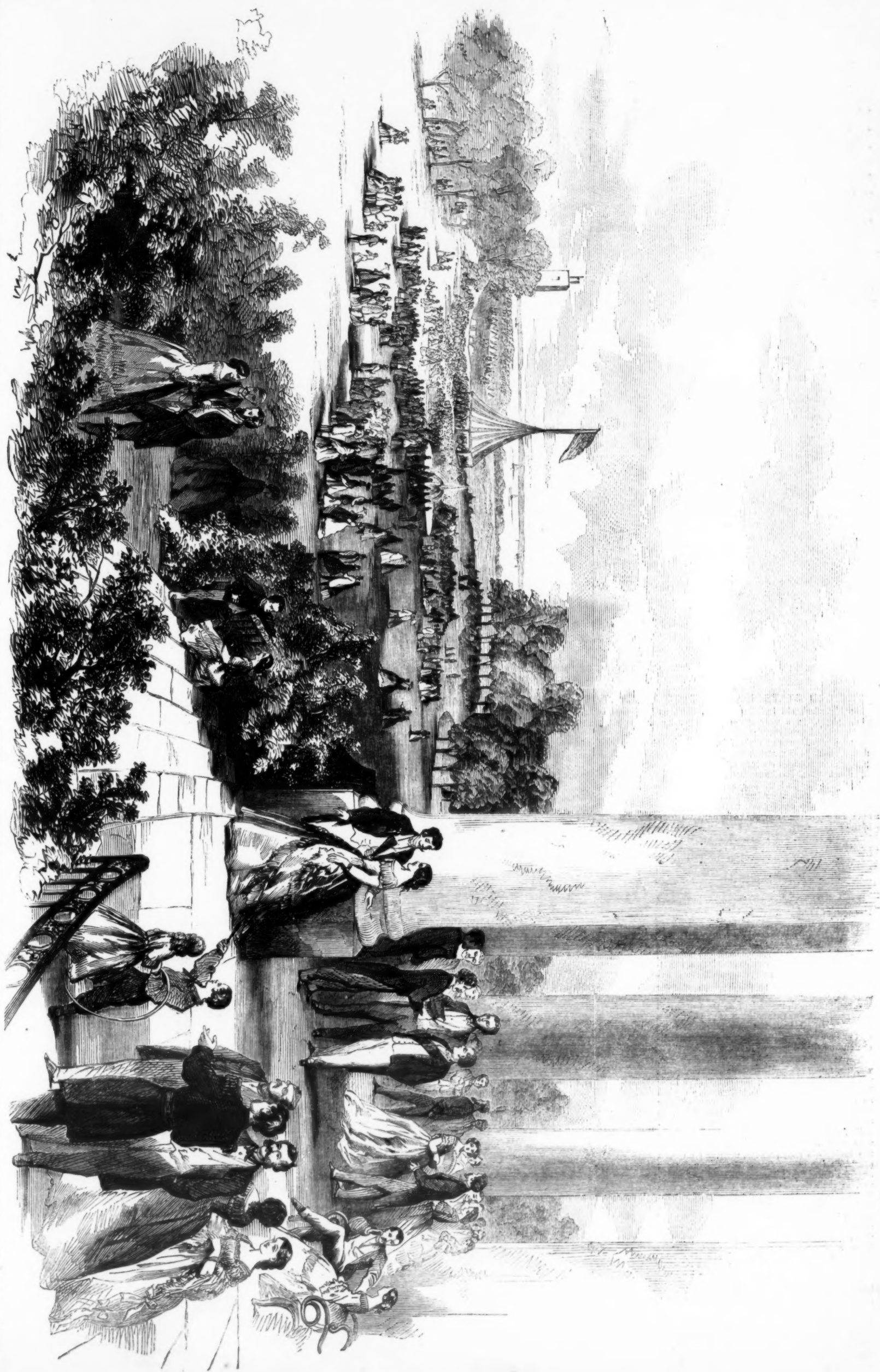
At Messec's Point, near the Mouth of Back River.

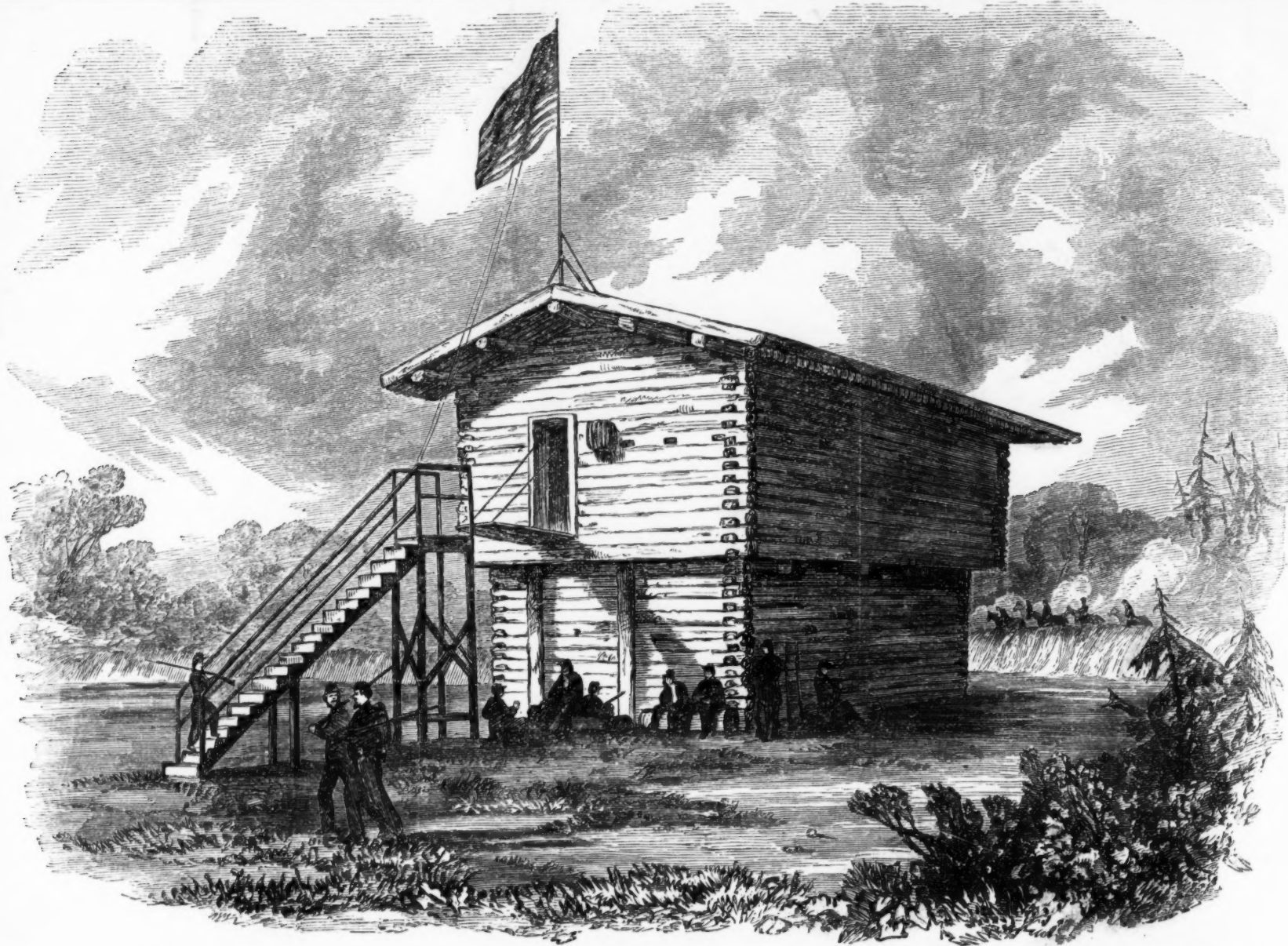
THE activity of the Rebels on the Potomac and the confluent rivers is almost incredible. In one night some point hitherto defenceless is made to bristle with cannon, and the first intimation of its locality is a leaden messenger winging its way on its mission of death. Within a few days a party of the Tenth Regiment of New York Zouaves, while out scouting through a dense wood, came suddenly in sight of Messec's Point, and there beheld the Rebels at work upon an almost completed battery, which had sprung up with magical rapidity. They noted the location carefully and reported it. The new battery is situated on Messec's Point, near the mouth of the Back River, and is about twelve miles from Fortress Monroe. Whether the Rebels will be disturbed in their work by our flotilla on the Potomac is unknown, but from its present inactivity we should judge not.



THE OLD EPISCOPAL CHURCH AT HAMPTON, VA., RECENTLY DESTROYED BY THE REBEL SOLDIERS UNDER THE COMMAND OF GENERAL MAORUDER. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 21.

PRINCE NAPOLEON VISITING PRESIDENT LINCOLN AT THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—SCENE ON THE BALCONY DURING THE PERFORMANCE BY THE BAND.—FROM A
DRAWING BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING GEN. MEADE'S CORPS.





BLOCK-HOUSE ERECTED NEAR FORT CORCORAN, ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, VA., BY THE TWENTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL McCLELLAN'S COMMAND.

THE OLD STATE HOUSE AT COLUMBIA, S. C.

This historical old building is described, as it appears at the present day, in a very graphic manner by the spirited correspondent of the *World*:

The State House at Columbia, South Carolina, can scarce be called an imposing structure. It is old, is the State House; in appearance half a century old, at least. It is built of wood—of wood that has not been painted very recently, and that is, *par consequens*, of a dingy white color. Almost as old-fashioned as it is old, the open-work iron staircase that makes a semicircular sweep to its battered doors is the only appurtenance of a modern look that this State House can boast. The architectural projection, supported by the columns whose bases are in the landing-place of this semicircular staircase, constitute the only deviation from a strict rectangle that this State House has allowed itself.

I do not know what occult motive influenced the builder in ordaining the thing to be so, but I do know that the State House, instead of facing the street boldly, sidles up to it in a very undignified manner. Before the work on the new State House began and the grounds about the old one were converted into a stoneyard, the Senators and Representatives approached their house of deliberation, in consequence of this sidling that I have spoken of, at the southern end, instead of at the front, and now the short cut through the stoneyard takes them, in equal violation of all known rules of taste and convenience, slap upon the northern end of that dingy white building.

Traversing stoneyard in legislative company, we, too, make the semicircular ascent and enter the battered door. Now we come upon a little branch passage-way that leads us over a yard or two of carpet into the large passage-way that runs in a straight line between the doors of the Senate Chamber and those of the Chamber of Representatives. Out of this passage-way open doors into the State library; into the Solicitor's room, where, mounted on high stools, sit the engrossing clerks, driving away, as if for dear life, at ponderous bills, and wishing, in their inmost hearts, that the framers thereof had hearkened to the familiar injunction to "cut it short;" into a small committee-room; into a retiring-room for the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House; and upon a stairway leading to the gallery of the House. Preserved from the dust, in a glass vase against the wall of the little branch passage-way that is opposite to and corresponds with the one we entered by, are the torn and battle-stained flags that the Palmetto regiment of the State carried through the Mexican war.

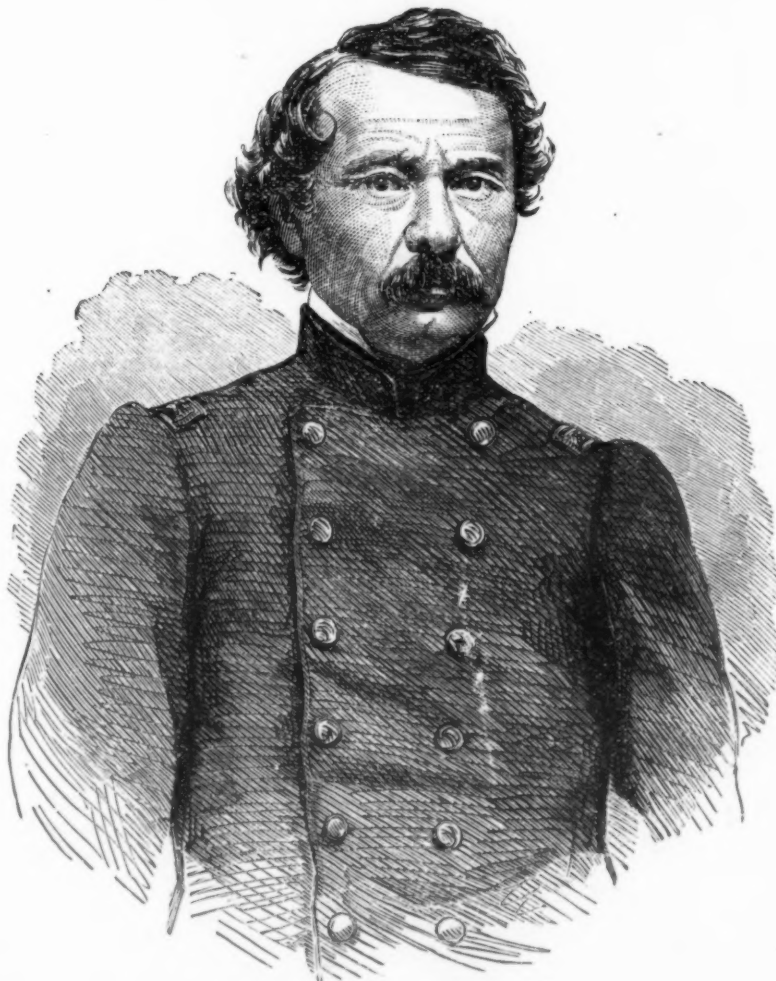
The new State House, as will be seen, is in strong contrast with the old one, which it will replace. It is nearly completed, and is really a splendid building. The material is granite of the finest quality, which is got out of the bed of the river, in many cases, in masses of over thirty

tons. This is conveyed by a mule railway to the State House grounds and there shaped. The massive columns are turned out of a solid block. The interior is richly ornamented with columns, &c., in various colored marbles.

The new State House will cost a vast sum of money, but it will be an enduring monument to the taste and liberality of South Carolina.

COLONEL KENLEY, LATE PROVOST MARSHAL OF BALTIMORE.

COLONEL KENLEY was appointed Provost Marshal of the city of Baltimore, by General Banks, in consequence of the arrest of Colonel George P. Kane, charged with treason; he is well qualified by education and experience, by prudence, determination and fearless devotion to duty for the station, and his appointment in the present disturbed condition of that city reflects great credit upon the foresight of General Banks, and his sagacity in selecting the right man for the place. Colonel Kenley was born in the city of Baltimore, about the year 1820, and had acquired, through the severe and arduous struggles of early life, a respectable position at the Baltimore bar. When the Mexican war broke out and the Maryland regiment was organized, he was chosen Major, and served with the regiment through the war with credit to himself and to the honor of his native State. Since that eventful period he has devoted himself to the practice of his profession, and the Baltimore bar has no member who is more highly esteemed for his estimable social qualities, or more respected for his legal ability by all those who have an intimate acquaintance with him. Having been commissioned by the War Department a Colonel in the First regiment Maryland Volunteers, now awaiting the orders of the Government at Baltimore, he was actively engaged in drilling and perfecting his command in military discipline, in which he has sustained a high reputation, when he received the order of General Banks to act as Provost Marshal of his native city. To the discharge of its responsible duties he devoted himself with all the energy and determination of his active mind, and to the satisfaction of all Union-loving citizens.



COLONEL KENLEY, FIRST REGIMENT OF MARYLAND VOLUNTEERS, LATE PROVOST MARSHAL OF BALTIMORE.

BLOCK-HOUSE, FORT CORCORAN. Arlington Heights, Virginia.

Our sketch represents one of the block-houses erected by our troops on the Potomac line of defenses. It is strongly and compactly built, and is the work of the Twenty-eighth New York regiment. It is pierced for muskets, and its only entrance is guarded by a drawbridge. Against anything but artillery it would enable its occupants to hold out a long time against a much superior force.

PRISONERS OF WAR,

Taken by the Federal Troops at Beverley, Western Virginia.

AFTER the battles which were won with such rapidity by the column under Major-General McClellan, in Western Virginia, a vast number of prisoners were left in the hands of the Federal forces, some six or seven hundred of which were marched into Beverley, recently the headquarters of General McClellan, and held there, together with a large amount of arms, camp equipage and military stores captured from the enemy, by a sufficient force of the Federal troops. The prisoners were in a wretched condition, and seemed to be highly gratified at their treatment by our hands.

Beverley is the capital of Randolph county, Virginia, on the Taggart's Valley River, about two



MOULDING BULLETS.

THE WATERVLIET ARSENAL, TROY, NEW YORK.

ONE of the most important, as well as one of the largest, handsomest and completest of our public buildings, is the Watervliet Arsenal at Troy. It fronts the Hudson River, and its grounds, which are finely laid out as regards roads, &c., comprise nearly a hundred acres of land. The front view of the Arsenal gives but a faint idea of the immense extent of the buildings, which extend back over acres and acres of ground, affording separate houses for the various departments of manufacture of cannon and war munitions.

Two monstrous brass cannons face the walls near the entrance gate—trophies of victories won by the brave defenders of America's rights in the stirring days long time ago of revolutionary valor. These brazen-throated ambassadors of a proud monarch, bearing the insignia of British royalty, bristled upon the summit of Stony Point, when that formidable height was in possession of the red-coated troops. The exploit which made them American property was one of the most daring and dashing of many executed by our troops in Southern New York. Mad Anthony Wayne, the lion hearted, led the attacking force. The assault was made by surprise. The General had resolved to carry the place at



STRAPPING SPHERICAL CASE SHOT.



FILLING SPHERICAL CASE SHOT WITH RESIN.

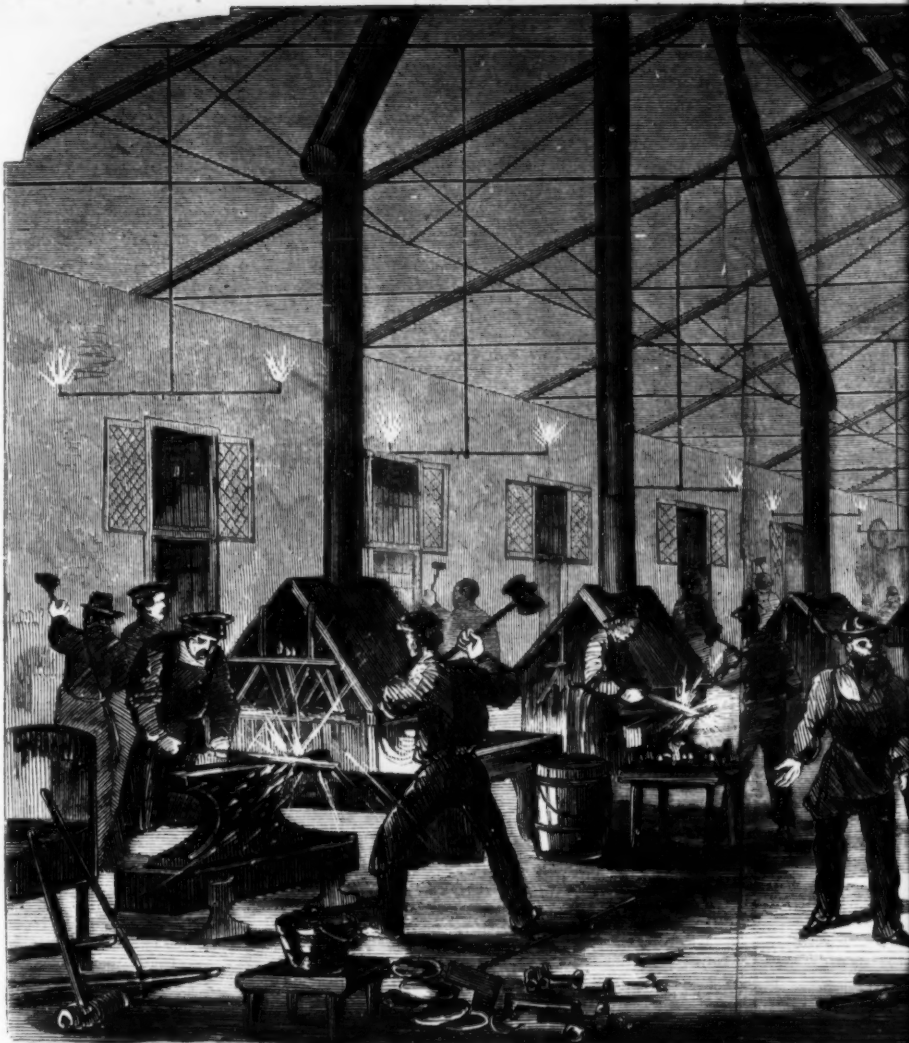
the point of the bayonet, and the soldiers were commanded not to load their muskets. One craven who disobeyed that order was run through by his commanding officer, while in the act of ramming down a cartridge. Swiftly and in perfect silence, in the dark night, the sturdy soldiers clambered up the forbidding height. Not a word was spoken, none scarcely breathed aloud until the command to charge was given, and then with a wild hurrah the brave soldiers rushed forward, leaped over the parapets and closed with the astonished Britishers, with their own favorite weapon. The conflict was terrific but brief. Victory soon perched upon the American arms, and an achievement was accomplished which, though characteristic of its projector, took the county by surprise, and stimulated other deeds of dauntless heroism.

The Arsenal landing, or wharf, has for some time past been the scene of spirited business and excitement; sloops and boats are continually arriving and departing, loading and reloading, thus giving evidence of the great activity within the walls.

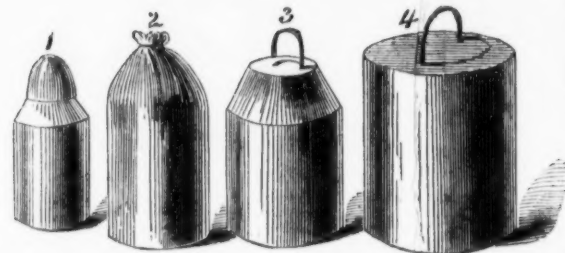
The blacksmith's shops, built of heavy stone, are fully employed at the present time manufacturing iron for the heavy gun carriages, shells, rough tools and various fixtures necessary to the work carried on in the Arsenal. The work-rooms



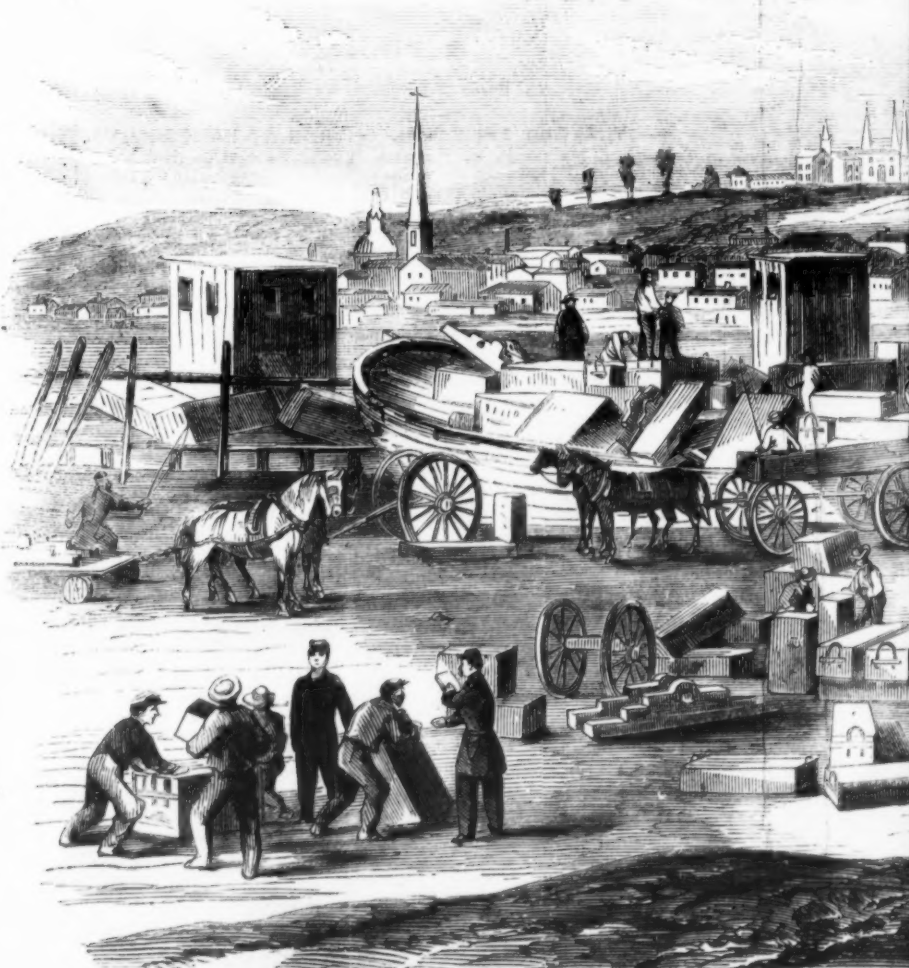
FILLING CANISTER SHOT.



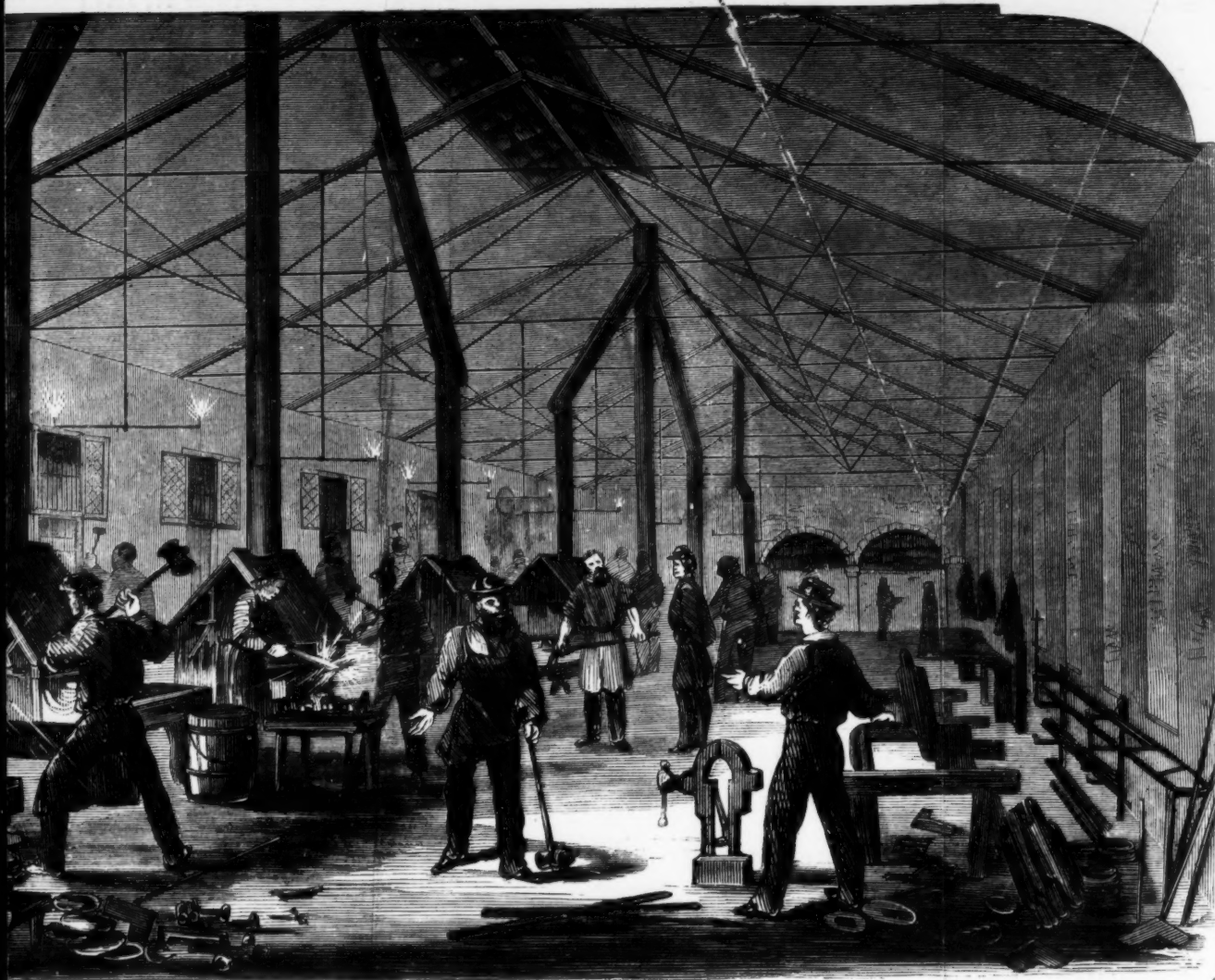
FORGING THE WORK FOR GUN-CARRIAGES.



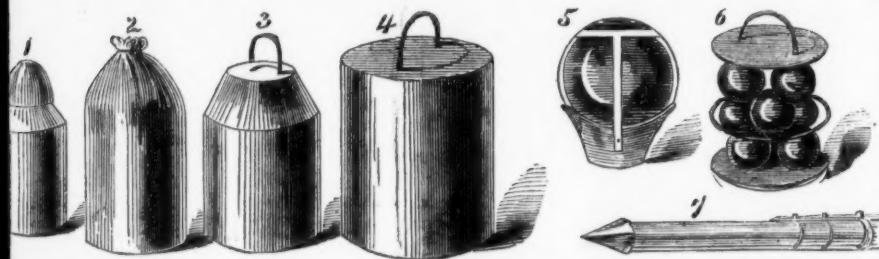
1. TWELVE POUND HOWITZER CANISTER, FIXED—I. E. WITH CARTRIDGE ATTACHED. 2 AND 3. STAN-
4. SPHERICAL CASE SHOT. 5. TWENTY-FOUR POUND HOWITZER CANISTER. 6. GUN CANISTER.
SHOT. D. THE BORMANN FUZE, WHICH IS USED ALMOST EXCLUSIVELY WITH SPHERICAL CASE.



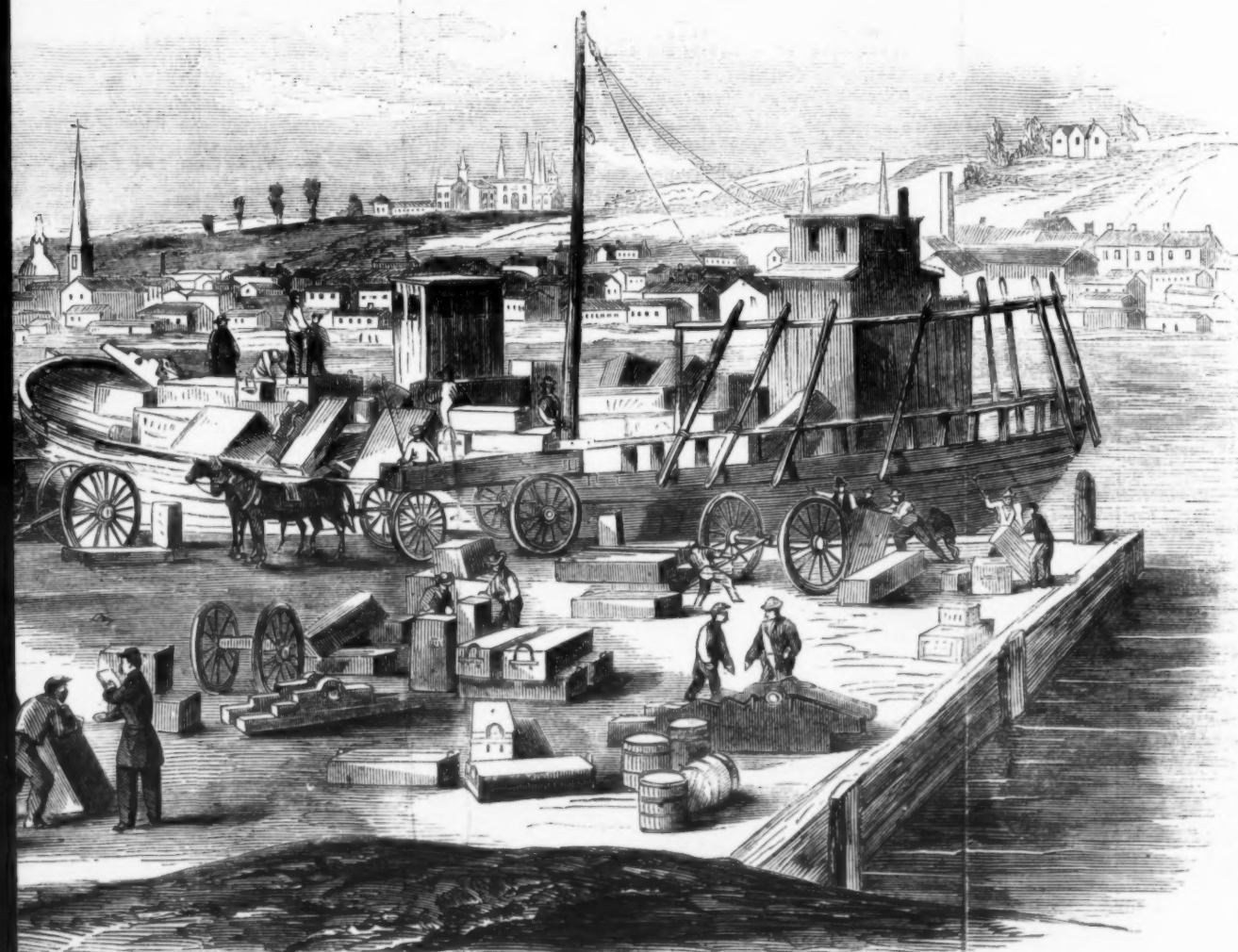
SHIPPING GUN-CARRIAGES, AMMUNITION, &c., AT THE



FORGING IRON WORK FOR GUN-CARRIAGES.

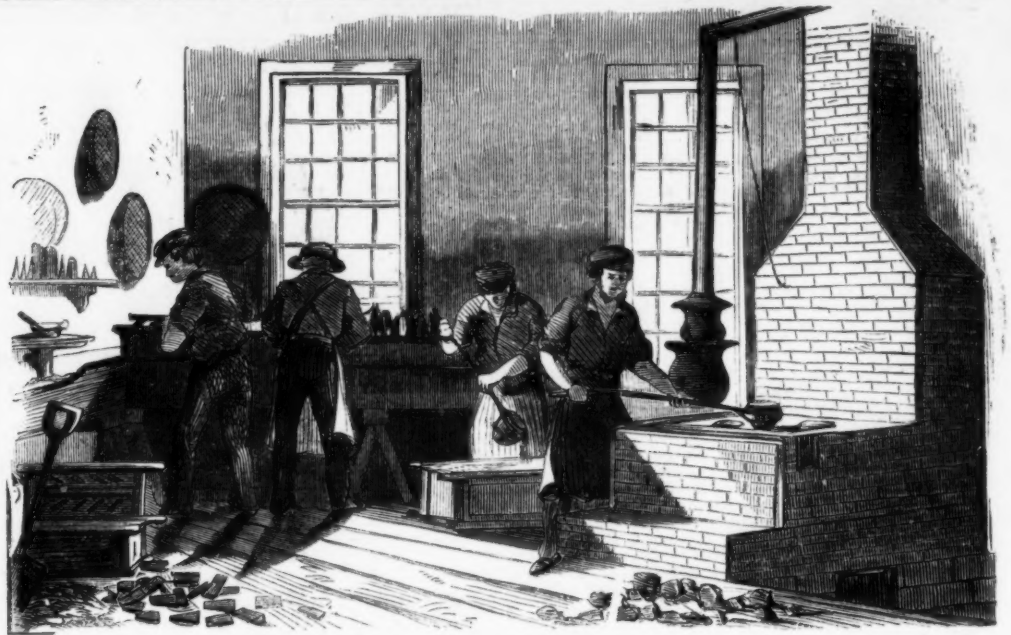


1. CANISTER, FIXED—1. E. WITH CARTRIDGE ATTACHED. 2 AND 3. STANDS OF GRAPE SHOT FOR EIGHT AND TWELVE POUND HOWITZER OR COLUMBIAD. 5. TWENTY-FOUR POUND HOWITZER CANISTER. 6. GUN CANISTER. 7. ROCKET. A. THE CARTRIDGE TIED TO THE SABOT. B. THE SABOT. C. THE FUZE, WHICH IS USED ALMOST EXCLUSIVELY WITH SPHERICAL CASE.



SHIPPING GUN-CARRIAGES, AMMUNITION, &c., AT THE TROY ARSENAL WHARF.

ING GUNS, GUN-CARRIAGES, SHOT, SHELL, ROCKETS AND OTHER MUNITIONS AND IMPLEMENTS OF WAR FOR THE UNITED STATES MILITARY AND NAVAL SERVICE.



MOULDING BRASS FUSE PLUGS FOR EIGHT AND TEN INCH SHELLS.

are large, high, well ventilated, and supplied with every facility for labor. The power is usually furnished by water, but when this fails there is a ponderous steam engine of an indefinite amount of horse power, which will run all the machinery of the works. What most attracts attention is an admirable mechanical contrivance to supersede the venerable trip hammer, which in olden days, with such an extravagance of clatter, flattened, pounded and shaped bars of iron in every desirable form. This is an atmospheric hammer, impressing, so to speak, the forces of the upper and the nether air for the service of man, and by the simple compression and expansion of this volatile element, bringing a power to bear upon the ponderous striker that sends it down with irresistible momentum upon the yielding metal. Here, too, is a pair of powerful shears of monstrous calibre, the upper blade swinging back and forth constantly upon its pivot. By these a bar of iron an inch in diameter is cut in two as smoothly as a woman would with her nimble taper fingers trim off a piece of broadcloth, coming out after the contact almost burning hot from friction and the compression of its particles. This is much better than the slow manual process of filing away the iron, so destructive of elbow power and patience. The present notability of this shop is Timothy Heenan, whose principal claim to public honor consists in the fact of having sired John C. Heenan, the man of muscle, whose battering exploits have made him even more famous than if he



DRIVING SIGNAL ROCKETS.



FILLING CARTRIDGES FOR SMALL ARMS.

were a gentleman, a hero and a scholar, like the Major over in the quarters. Heenan the elder is a stout-built, good natured, happy-visaged man, rejoicing in a strong Celtic accent, and exhibiting the same expansion between the shoulders, and the same lack of diameter at the hips as characterise his pugilistic son. He is an enthusiast in the cause of Heenan the younger, whose fistic deeds he recounts with manifest gusto. The Benicia Boy was likewise, in his earlier and possibly better days, a blacksmith in this shop, and exercised his brawny muscles in its heavy work, until transferred to another establishment in the proprietorship of Uncle Sam, at Benicia, California, whence his cognomen. In the latter place he first learned that stout arms and great powers of endurance were not designed for any useful purpose. He was never known for anything peculiar in the fighting line in West Troy, in fact there were dozens of rough-and-tumble canalliers who were regarded as his superiors. It took a fight in the California mountains to bring him out as a ring champion.

In the machine shop the balls are cast on the old plan by turning the lead into moulds. But this antiquated method is quite superseded by a new method, the operation of which may be seen within a few feet of the shop. This new method of obtaining bullets was invented by Mr. A. G. Snyder, the foreman of the room.



MAKING GUN-CARRIAGES.

The lead in round bars, about two feet long, is taken in the hand and held in an orifice, where a piece of the proper size is clipped off, and after passing under a weight to make it more dense, enters the mould, in which it assumes proper shape and receives still further compression, dropping out a perfectly formed hard bullet. Each of these operations is accomplished in an instant of time, the bullets falling out with an incessant "click, click," and the operator having nothing more to do than furnish it with lead to "chew up." The speed with which it runs may be inferred from the fact that it turns out eighty thousand bullets in twenty-four hours, and can be run at that rate continuously, day and night.

The "Shrapnel" shot is manufactured in a room over the machine shop. These are among the most terribly effective instruments of death used in the service, and always attract great attention from visitors as military curiosities. The Shrapnel shot is a round, hollow ball, the heart of which is filled with iron scraps, bullets and other missiles, melted sulphur being poured in to fill up the interstices and make them perfectly solid. Attached to the ball by strips of tin, which serve the purpose of binding it together, is a circular fuse, in which its great superiority over any other shell consists. This fuse is marked upon its face like the dial of a watch—the several figures indicating the length of time that will elapse between the instant of its being fired and that of the explosion. If it is punctured at three, three seconds, and if a seven, seven seconds will intervene before they burst. In firing a cannon, the artilleryist first ascertains the length of range, and then the amount of time that will be required in making the flight. If it is four seconds, he will puncture the fuse at the mark four the moment it is thrown into the cannon, and at the very instant when the four seconds have elapsed the explosion will ensue. In thousands of experiments which have been made, there has not been a failure of a discharge at precisely the right instant. The fuse is a Belgian invention. Its superiority over the old style is very great. The length of time that would transpire before the explosion of a bomb with the ordinary force could only be determined by its length, and as this was very uncertain, it was a common occurrence for daring fellows to pick them up after they had fallen, and throw them over a parapet beyond reach of danger. Of course, when an explosion takes place the instant the shell falls, this is impossible. The Shrapnel shot are used only for field bombardments, the heavier shells being employed for siege attacks.

There are many dangerous and delicate operations performed in certain departments of the Arsenal, such as filling and driving signal rockets, filling cartridges for small arms, filling shells and canister, and filling spherical case shot with rosin, all of which require delicate and careful handling. The moulding of brass fuse filings for eight and ten-inch shells, and the strapping of spherical case shot are operations both curious and interesting. A thousand other items which come under the head of materials of war are manufactured in the numerous departments of the Arsenal, all of which have their importance, but which we have not space to mention in detail.

A more thorough and comprehensive establishment cannot be found in the United States; it embraces the whole scope of manufacture which properly belongs to an Arsenal, and the work is carried on with a regularity and a military precision worthy of all praise. The various departments are superintended by competent foremen, the whole governed by a Commandant, assisted by Ordnance Officers G. C. Strong and G. T. Balch. To Lieut. G. C. Strong our Artist was greatly indebted for extraordinary courtesy and kindness, and we beg to tender him our warmest thanks for the same. We are also indebted to the *Troy Daily Times* for many of the facts and details of our description.

MY GOLDEN SKELETON.

CHAPTER VII.—EXTENDS THROUGH MANY YEARS.

On my arrival home, I found that my proud mamma still remained the passive, aristocratic lady who had waved me from her side through life with an idle, listless hand, and who had shown such abject subservience to the will of dear Mr. Timbs; but the house wore a different aspect—an aspect, to my mind, similar to that of the Parisian mousetrap. There was the same air of expectant decay about it, the same languor, the same hinted danger; and it seemed gaping for victims. Of course, I now knew that to the great moral change in my own mind by strange incidents, this unpleasant change in the outward aspect of home was to be attributed. At that time, however, I was not a metaphysician.

Directly I began to regret that I had been born a rich little boy, I found my Golden Skeleton in the cupboard of my soul (that's poetic), and was haunted by it in accordance. Now, in the course of a long and chequered experience, I have noticed it as a peculiar characteristic of skeletons in cupboards, that no coaxing or threatening will draw them from their peculiar hiding-places, or cupboard, and that we are haunted by them, not because they dog our footsteps, but because we ourselves seek them out, and penetrate secretly to their proper sanctuaries.

My Golden Skeleton first revealed itself, I say, when I reached home. I was guided to it—as Queen Eleanor was guided to Rosamond's bower (assuredly not a bower of roses)—by a silken clue, to wit, the memory of Sister Elizabeth. The dark hints of the velveteen young man had convinced me that even an embryo director of the Bank of England might be unhappy, and I somehow felt sure that Sister Elizabeth had been grossly labelled, perhaps poisoned, certainly ill-treated, somehow or other. I no longer felt pleasure in counting my imaginary yellow guineas; I no longer experienced pride at the idea of being a rich little boy, with wealth and comfort looming in the distance.

So I was ever hunting out my Golden Skeleton, and gloating my eyes on it, and trembling at it, and weeping with it, and visiting it by stealth. There was a mystery about my wealth, which I felt anxious to unravel. There were wicked people connected with me, whom I felt anxious to checkmate. There was a mystery in London, which (had I been big enough) I might have thrashed out of the jolly man. There was a mystery in France, which (had I been wise enough) I might have wheedled out of Monsieur Charles. As matters stood, I felt uncomfortable—and wicked. What did the velveteen young man mean by the golden pump in Paris?

When I went to school—which I did in less than a fortnight after my return home—my Golden Skeleton went with me; there was no getting rid of it.

The school was a small one, and I was taken to it, as a matter of course, by Mr. Timbs. There were six little boys beside myself; and all six were both rich and very miserable. The school was situated some few miles from an English market town, and a great many more miles from anything like knowledge. The master was a retired clergyman, quite blind to the beauties of the classics, full of secrecy, impudence and mock piety. But my story little concerns either schools or schoolmasters. Enough to say that I became no wiser and no cleverer than before. The society of the six little boys was by no means healthy. They were morbid, misanthropic little boys, who pined eternally for home, disdained to study, and were too unhappy to play. They left me a great deal to myself, after they had satisfied themselves, by repeated cross-questionings, that I was not an impostor.

Some months after my arrival, however, there came another bigger boy to the school—a rollicking, frolicking London boy, full of fun and sports of all kinds. His name, he said, was Stirrups; his father was an eminent haberdasher; he, himself, was twelve years old. Between Stirrups and myself there sprang up a close friendship, though our opposite tempers might apparently have rendered such a friendship impossible. He was a merry, light-hearted boy, Stirrups. Thanks to him, I now and then forgot to visit my Golden Skeleton.

At the close of the first four years I passed at this establishment, I paid to home four visits of a fortnight each. I found few changes in my mamma, and I heard and said nothing of Mr. Timbs. My visits seemed to me like pure visits of form; made, not for the gratification of affection or any of the vulgar virtues, but simply for the purpose of reminding me that I had relations and friends of some sort.

Thus years passed on, till I was in my fifteenth year. Seven years had passed; but I still clung to my Golden Skeleton, more and more conscious that there was something wrong somewhere, and that I had an account to settle with somebody. The Parisian adventures never faded from my mind for a moment. I was still distinctly conscious of the influence of Mrs. Martha Timbs, Mr. Timbs, Monsieur Charles and the velveteen young person. This was not all matter

of memory; certain incidents occurred, which served to remind me of my position.

"For instance?"

For instance, some sixteen months after my introduction to school, the face of the velveteen person looked over the wall of our little playground. Stirrups and I were playing at marbles.

"Good morning!" said the velveteen young person.

"Good morning, sir," I murmured, quite aghast at the sudden apparition.

"I hope you're as well as might be, Master Brown?"

"Quite well, thank you."

"I'm jolly glad to hear it. Mamma—how's she?"

"I intimated that, so far as I knew, mamma was in perfect health."

"How do you like school? Hate it, of course?"

"I like it very much."

"Whop you?"

"No."

"Keep you short of victuals?"

"No."

"Teach you anything?"

"No."

The velveteen man appeared satisfied, and, nodding his head, said again,

"Good morning."

"Good morning, sir," I answered; whereupon my visitor disappeared.

Regularly every four or five months the face of the velveteen young man appeared over the walls of the playground, and a conversation like the above took place on each occasion. He was in the habit of bringing me presents. On one occasion he brought me a box of figs; on another, two pots of raspberry-jam. As I grew older, and as he grew older, his gifts increased in importance. From figs and jam he arrived at penknives with six blades and a corkscrew; from penknives to pistols; from pistols to miniature copies of the "Vicar of Wakefield" and "Robinson Crusoe."

I began to alter my opinion of the velveteen young man. His gifts proved that he was not destitute of consideration.

One morning I was informed that a visitor desired to see me. This was rather an unusual circumstance, and put my poor little heart in a flutter. I was then in my fifteenth year—the Golden Skeleton still haunted me—and anything unusual caused me great excitement. The retired clergyman, bidding me put on a clean collar, told me that his orders were to prevent my receiving any visitors, but that he disobeyed orders on this occasion, because the person was a friend of the gentleman who had, in the first instance, brought me to school.

I was ushered into the parlor, where I found two gentlemen—a stout and tall one, a stout and short one. The short gentleman I immediately recognised as Mr. Loret, the pathetic professor of dancing and calisthenics. His companion was red faced, pink-eyed and clean shaven; his hair was cut very short, and the same might be said of his brown jacket; he wore a rusty-black hat, cocked jauntily on one side, and he smelt of beer. He had a habit of drawing himself to his full stature, frowning keenly, and biting the tips of the nails of his right hand.

"Excuse the liberty," said Loret, skipping up to shake hands. "The fact is, my friend and I are cultivating the arts in the neighborhood. I had no idea, you see, that you were here; but yesterday, as I saw you pass through town with the other young gentlemen, I recognised you at once. Pray excuse the liberty."

"I am very glad to see you," I returned—"very glad indeed."

And I was, for I liked Mr. Loret amazingly, and his fresh innocence pleased me.

"And my friend," said Mr. Loret, pointing to the tall gentleman. "That reminds me. Vamps, Master Brown; Master Brown, Mr. Vamps."

I bowed. Mr. Vamps held out an unsteady hand, and asked me if I was all right, old fellow; an observation which he followed up by tapping his forehead sagaciously, as if to imply that they were cramming knowledge into me rather, and by afterwards biting his nails at me with a gloomy frown.

"Vamps," said Mr. Loret, "is one of those individuals on whom the world declines to smile. Vamps is an artist; he has lungs and originality. What, then, prevents his making a position in the line, except frowning fortune? Nothing."

"Right," commented Vamps, in harsh baritone. "Fortune's a humbug."

"Truly—sadly true. Genius without friends is as hopeless as genius without lungs. Vamps's lungs have been tried, and not been found wanting; but friends he has not. Vamps, am I right?"

"You're always right. May you never want a friend or a bottle to share with him. The enemies of England's glory are managers; the friends of England's glory are Shakespeare and Fitzballon. The stage, Loret, is a script of his brightest ornaments by managers."

"We talk to stage," cried Mr. Loret, as a bright thought struck him. "To the glorious mysteries of the dramatic, our young friend is a stranger. This, Master Brown, is Vansittart Vamps, one of the stars of the provincial firmament. You should see him, Master Brown, as a tyrannical father. Talk about heavy men! Pooh!"

As the conversation was getting rather unintelligible, I sat listening, and permitted Mr. Loret to have all the talk to himself. He went on to state that he and his friend were performing at the theatre in the neighboring town—he as leader of the orchestra; Vamps as a player of tragic magnitude. Business was bad, he said; the common herd had no souls for music and the drama. They had the bad taste to disappreciate Mr. Vamps's lungs, and to underrate the powers of his (Mr. Loret's) fiddle.

"And how is Mrs. Martha Timbs?" I asked, at length.

"As well as ever; no better, no worse. I'm afraid that she mopes, Master Brown. But as I have broken up my humble roof, finding that calisthenics without dinners didn't pay, and spoil the temper, we have parted. An admirable woman, Master Brown, but she has a temper of her own, and I'm afraid she mopes."

"How is Mr. Timbs?"

"Jolly as ever. A good-hearted fellow, Timbs, but uneducated. I took the trouble once to examine his bumps. Benevolence, very large; philoprogenitiveness, immense; soul, I regret to say, lamentably undeveloped."

More conversation of this sort ensued. Mr. Loret was full of astonishment and admiration at my growth. In the end, he put two little pink tickets into my hand, and requested me to visit the theatre that evening, for the purpose of seeing Vansittart Vamps in the "Beggars' Nest." I said that I was afraid that I should not be permitted to avail myself of the treat; but I found that Mr. Loret had already persuaded the retired clergyman (whose creed, by the way, contained a direct condemnation of theatricism) to allow me to spend the evening in the way suggested. I was to take a friend, if I pleased, and I immediately fixed upon Stirrups. So it was arranged that Stirrups and I were to be at the Theatre Royal at seven precisely that evening, when Mr. Loret would find pleasure in conveying us to the boxes. Mr. Loret and Mr. Vamps then wished me good-bye, and respectfully took their leave.

At the appointed hour, Stirrups and I, attired in our best black clothes, stood at the door of the theatre, and were escorted through a dark lobby to the boxes. The theatre was a very small and a very cozy by one; it was dimly lighted by flyblown chandeliers. Stirrups and I sat alone in a jolly box, like a dove. The audience, which consisted of some thirty people in all, dropped in by twos and threes; until at last the lights grew brighter, and the orchestra (consisting of Mr. Loret, two lank young men with fiddles and a diminutive drummer) began to strike up. Then the curtain rose on scene the first—"The Nest"—which consisted of a piece of pasteboard, with a door cut in it, two wooden chairs, a table and a picture of a peer of the realm on the walls. Three dispirited-looking persons (generally described in the programme as "the Band") were cursing nothing out of wooden glasses. Some general conversation ensued. Music. Then enters "the Captain" (Vansittart Vamps), attired in seedy trousers and a very large cloak, with brass clasps, and followed by a ragged gentleman, who tries to be funny, and only succeeds in looking hungry. The Band bids the Captain dispel these clouds of care, and drink of rosy wine; to which the Captain replies by shaking his head, biting his nails, and talking about revenge. Then, seasoned with much facetious dulness on the part of the ragged gentleman, ensues a dark consultation, during which it oozes out that the Captain has once been moral; that he was a confidential clerk in a large banking house; but that, being unjustly accused and convicted of forgery, principally by means of an envious clerk, he was transported. He is now desirous of revenging himself on the envious clerk, who has risen to wealth, and is now the head of the banking firm; and it is arranged that the Band shall break into the bank, and rob the envious clerk of his "gold." The Captain then asks for Lily, his daughter; but it turns out the Band has not seen her for hours; whereupon the ragged gentleman goes in for comic pantomime,

wherein he expresses his rapturous affection for the young lady. More consultations—more plotting. The scene closes with a dark soliloquy by the Captain, who is compelled into pathos ever and anon by the thought of his "che-ld."

Scene second was just commenced, when I felt a tap on the shoulder. Turning round, I met, to my surprise and fear, the blushing face and sly eyes of Monsieur Charles. He looked more old and worn than he had done on the occasion of our first meeting, but his blushes were still youthful, and made fair to be perennial.

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed, rising hastily from my seat. He stretched out a soft, white hand, which I touched with my forefinger.

"Good evening," he said, quite familiarly. "You seem surprised to see me. You have not forgotten me, I suppose, young gentleman?"

"Ob, no."

"I thought not; I saw by your eyes that you recognized me. May I hope that you are well?"

"I am very well, thank you."

He saw also by my eyes that I was wondering what he did in that out-of-the-way theatre, and what he wanted with myself. He shrugged his shoulders, and nodded.

"I have come," he said, "on business."

"On business?" I repeated, glancing at Stirrups, who was deep in scene the second.

"Yes. Great changes have taken place, and you must come home immediately. You have a friend there, I see; shake hands with him, and come. I have already hinted the state of affairs up at the school, where I have been seeking for you."

"I will come immediately. Good-bye, Stirrups; they've sent from home for me. Don't forget me, you know, if I shouldn't come back."

Stirrups and I shook hands, after I had explained affairs; and Monsieur Charles sallied out into the dark street.

"Your mamma is ill," said Monsieur Charles, as soon as we were alone.

I am afraid that my countenance expressed more surprise than grief.

"She is seriously ill. Pshaw! let me be plain with you; she is—"

"Dead?" I cried, pausing anxiously, less from grief for her than from fear of death.

"Dead, or dying," observed Monsieur Charles, walking on. "It matters little which. Well, I will be plain with you, my good boy. Calm yourself; she is dying."

CHAPTER VIII.—THE SHADOW IN THE HOUSE.

At fifteen years of age one knows little of those sore griefs and trials which make strong men and women of us. It is a changeable age—the age of hope. Care passes lightly over it, and leaves few marks of its presence. It is busy castle-building in the air, and grief only serves to give color and outline to its cities among the clouds. Nevertheless, my life has been so solitary, and my solitude itself so peculiar, that my heart was more in tune with the harsh discords of life than are the hearts of the majority of boys at fifteen.

Little as I had communed with my mamma, little as I had learnt to love her, I could not restrain my tears at the thought that she was then, in all probability, lost to me for ever. There is in death, moreover, something so uncommon and so terrible to a mind so ignorant of its significance as mine, that the first strange consciousness of its near presence stunned me. It is possible that I could have borne a final parting with some equanimity, had not the thought of the churchyard intervened. There was something fearful in the knowledge that one's flesh and blood was wearing away to foul dust among the worms.

As Monsieur Charles had already intimated to the retired clergyman that my absence was necessary, there was no need for delay of any sort. At two o'clock that morning we reached the railway station of our village, and, hiring a coach at the inn, drove speedily to the house.

The door was opened to us by Susan, who was in tears, with red eyes and a choking voice. She immediately caught me round the neck, and kissed me, hysterically informing me that I was a wretched orphan. She had never borne any peculiar affection for mamma, but I have since noticed that maids-of-all-work and nursery-maids have a peculiar tendency to out-hered the most extravagant griefs of afflicted households.

"Bah!" said Monsieur Charles, pushing her away with his white hand; "leave the little gentleman alone."

Susan pinched up her mouth to express contempt, ushered us into the drawing-room, and bounced away. In the drawing-room we found a stout, tall and rather pompous gentleman, dressed in black, and with a heavy watchchain.

"How is the patient, Doctor Pestilend?" asked Monsieur Charles, quietly taking a chair.

Doctor Pestilend glanced at me, shook his head with an appearance of fathomless sagacity, and said that it was a very bad case indeed.

"Is there no hope?"

"I regret to say, none. Since your departure this morning, our patient has gradually sunk. I begin to fancy that the brain is affected; she talks a good deal."

Monsieur Charles turned slightly pale at this, and glanced at me anxiously.

"And this, I presume," said the doctor, "is the—the orphan, the unhappy orphan?"

Monsieur nodded his head, and Doctor Pestilend condescended to look at me with a sympathetic movement of the eyebrows. I was seated upright in a cold chair, crying quietly, and wiping my red eyes with my cotton pocket-handkerchief. The old associations of home, mingled with the new consciousness of impending calamity, had a curious effect on me. Monsieur Charles seemed anxious and nervous. Ever and anon he glanced at me anxiously with his sky-blue eyes, as if fearful that I was getting too old to be trifled with.

Here Doctor Pestilend was called away to the patient by Susan. "Cheer up, boy," said monsieur. "Such things as this happen every day."

I made no answer, but felt a longing to strike more fire from monsieur's cheek by a blow.

"Well, she was a good mother to you. Your tears are excusable; you are young; she was good to you, and you loved her. Is it not so?"

"It is so," I answered, curtly enough. He noticed my manner.

"I am afraid that you hardly do me justice. You consider me an intruder."

"Yes; I cannot help thinking so."

"Then you think nonsense. Listen. I am your mother's beloved brother; your uncle."

I was too bewildered to be surprised at anything or anybody. I simply said "Oh!" in a conciliatory tone of voice, and again subsided into reverie.

"You take the matter coolly, my dear nephew. Come, we are bound to be friends; shake hands."

I arose up, and took his white hand. He held it tightly, and looked me in the face.

"Proud fellows, look you, come to grief," he sneered, bitterly. "I know you hate me, though I don't know why; but I see it in those dreamy eyes of yours, young gentleman. Well, you must learn to like me, if only as a matter of policy. I am your only surviving relative, and, as a matter of course, have been appointed your guardian."

He released my hand. I said nothing, but made an inward resolve to get out of Monsieur Charles's hands at the first opportunity. At this juncture Susan entered, and summoned us to the sick room. We followed her, I with a heavy and nervous heart.

The bed-room in which mamma lay was dimly dusk, for the blinds were drawn. It felt hot and close. A woman, whose back was towards us as we entered, was busy at the end of the room.

"Hush!" murmured monsieur, as we noiselessly entered.

The woman turned hastily round, and I recognized the pale, worn face and wild eyes of Mrs. Martha Timbs. She glanced hurriedly at me, but avoided the eyes of monsieur.

"How fares the patient, nurse?" asked monsieur, in a whisper.

"Worse."

"You have never left her?"

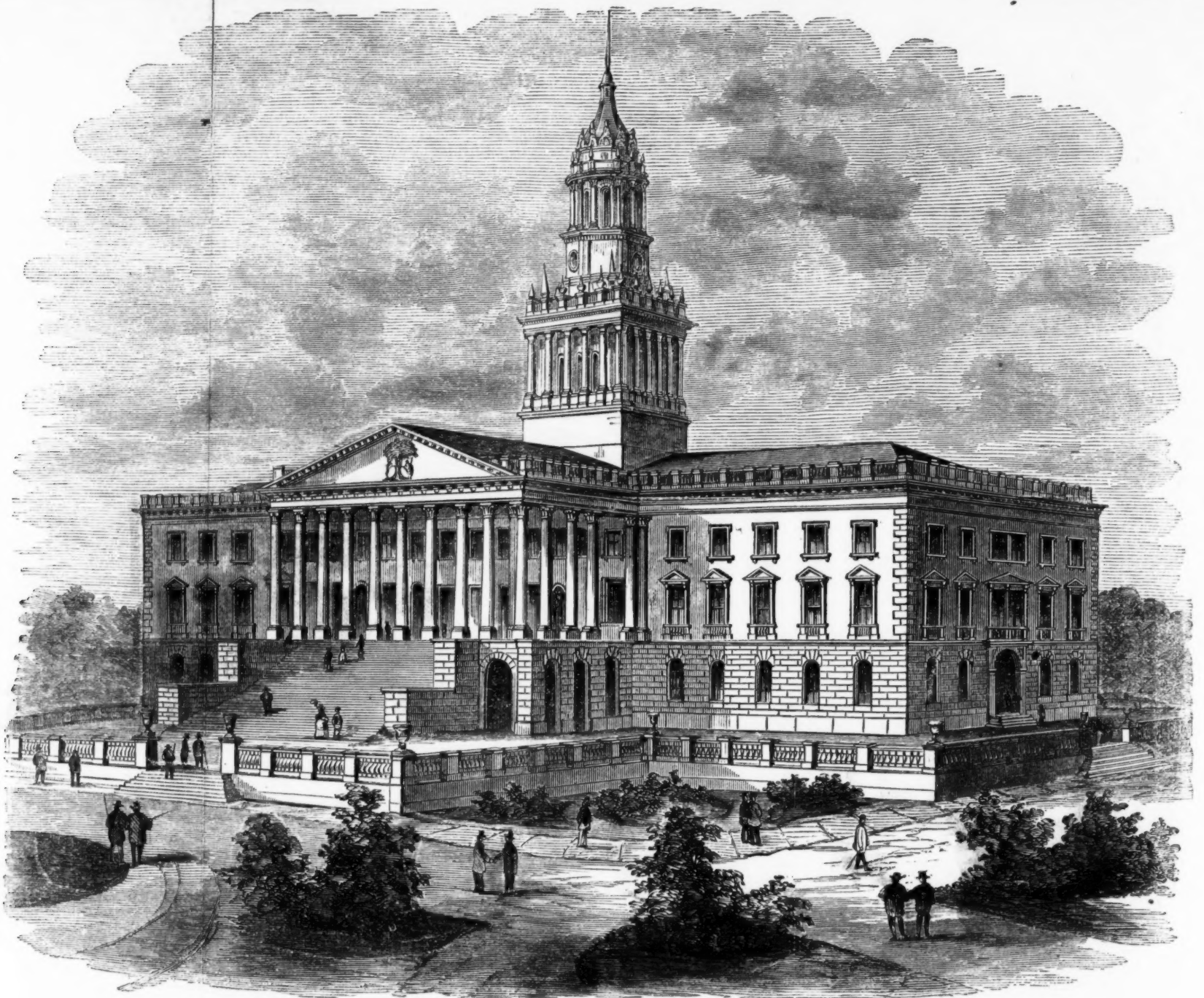
"I have never left her."

"You have heard nothing?"

"I have heard nothing."

"Good. Is she awake?"

Mrs. Timbs nodded her head in assent, and monsieur stole to the



THE NEW STATE HOUSE AT COLUMBIA, THE CAPITAL OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

hundred and ten miles north-west of Richmond. The valley is a perfectly level prairie, surrounded by mountains, which rise to the height of from two thousand to three thousand feet. To the left of the Beverley Academy will be seen the now famous Rich Mountain, signalled at once by a great Federal victory and the death of the rebel General Garnett.

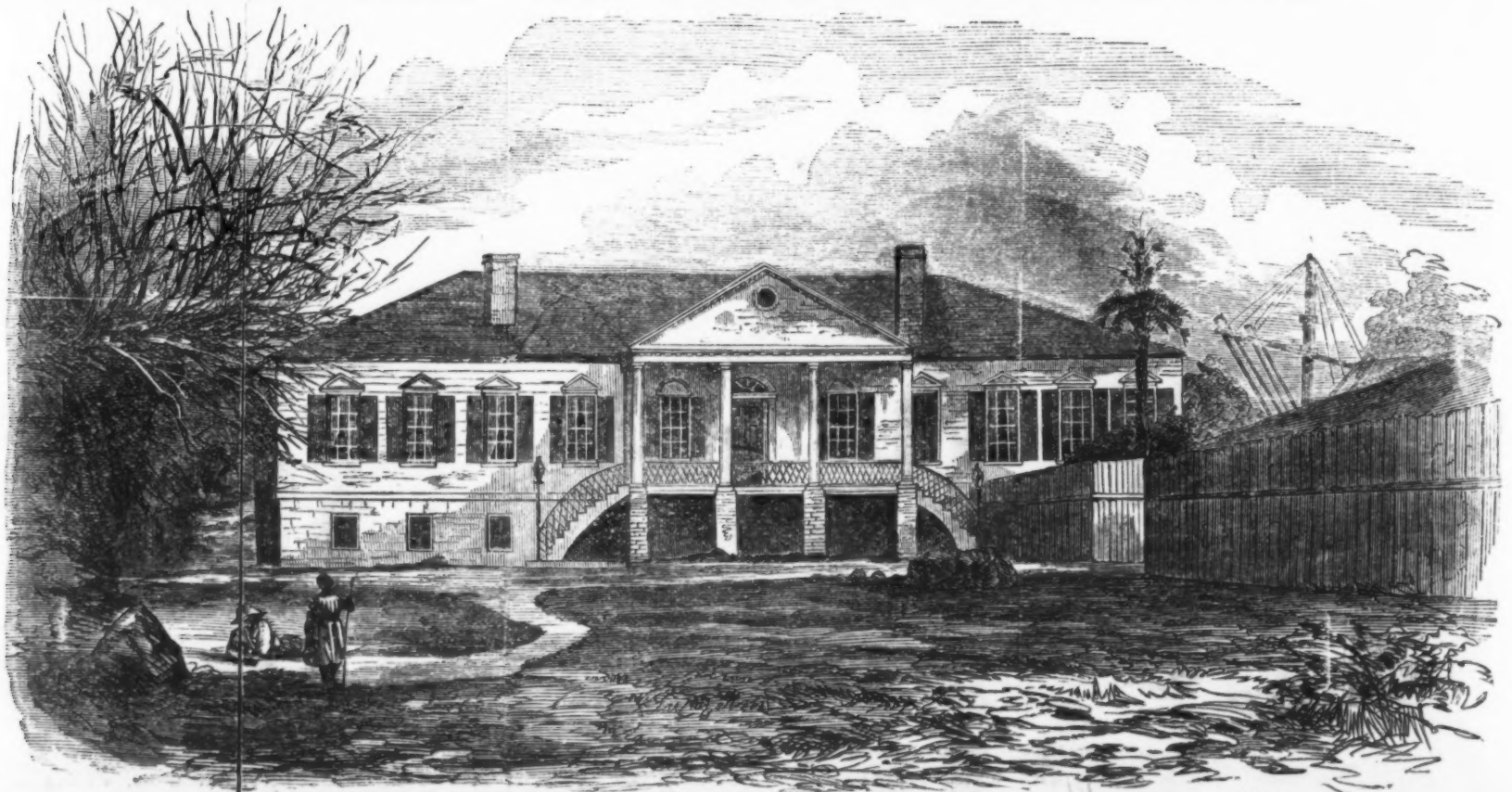
THE OLD EPISCOPAL CHURCH AT HAMPTON, VA.
The old church at Hampton, Virginia, which we illustrate, is supposed to be the oldest church, with one exception, in the United

States. The town is situated on the left bank of the James River, about two miles from its entrance into Chesapeake Bay, and about ninety-six miles from Richmond, Virginia. It was settled about 1705, and has experienced some vicissitudes. Its population has not varied much in the last few years, being at the present time, we believe, about two thousand. The old Episcopal church was built of brick brought from England, and during the last war with that power it was occupied by the British troops as a barracks. The bell having been broken, it was replaced at the conclusion of the war, by the then reigning monarch.

In another part of this issue we have given an account of the total

destruction of the village of Hampton, together with the Old Church. The voice of prayer will be heard no more within its walls, it will know no more vicissitudes whether of war or peace. Posterity will blame this wanton conflagration as an act of unmitigated barbarism.

MRS. HARVEY SAYS, "It is quite a mistake to suppose the Arabs spare those who have once partaken of their hospitality. As long as the stranger is under their immediate protection they respect both him and all that belongs to him; but no sooner has he left their encampment than he is lawful prey, and his former hosts are often the first thieves he encounters."



THE OLD STATE HOUSE AT COLUMBIA, THE CAPITAL OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

bedside. Mamma was lying on her back, white as snow, with closed eyes, breathing heavily. Monsieur stole back.

"Is Doctor Pestilend in the next room?" he asked of the woman.

"He is."

"Good. You can leave us for a moment. Stay; has she asked for the boy?"

"Twice."

Mrs. Martha glided from the room, and monsieur again approached the bedside. This time mamma opened her eyes and looked about her.

"Is Charles here?" she asked, faintly.

"I am here," said monsieur, bending his head and touching her lips gently. With a convulsive effort mamma flung her arms round monsieur's neck, and kissed him in return. He would have stood upright again, but she held him close. He was quite pale now.

"I have been a good wife, Charles," she whispered. "Answer, have I been good?"

"You have," answered monsieur, turning paler than before.

"It is all over, dear; for I die, I die! I have been a miserable sinner. God forgive me!"

Monsieur bit his lips till they almost bled. There was a long pause.

"I love you, Charles, I love you. I am a sinner. God forgive me!"

She released him at last, and sank back exhausted. He came to my side.

"Do not cry, Henry," he said; "it is almost over. The brain is affected, and she rambles in her talk. It imports not. Hush!"

Mamma had opened her eyes again and was gazing vacantly around her.

"Where is the boy?" she asked, faintly.

He beckoned me to the bedside, and placed my hand in hers. She grasped it firmly with her hot fingers, and laid it on her beating heart. She was silent, though her lips moved once or twice as if to speak.

"It is all over," said Monsieur Charles, breathing hotly on my cheek. But the eyes of mamma opened, and her tongue moved.

"Is Charles here?" she asked, in a voice hardly audible.

"I am here."

He bent his ears to her lips, as if to listen.

"Promise, then, dear, to make atonement for our sin. Promise, while he is here to listen; promise before I die. You will set all right, will you not? Promise?"

"I promise."

But in those sly, sinister eyes of his a lie seemed blackly visible.

"It is well," panted mamma. "God bless you, Charles. I have been a good wife. Promise again to save her, to rescue her, to give her her own—say, and the boy too?"

"I promise."

"Is the boy here?"

I pressed her hand gently, with a bleeding heart.

"Tell him to kiss me."

I bent down and pressed my lips to hers. Monsieur Charles looked anxious; he moved to the door and beckoned somebody.

He was not away for more than one moment, but in less than that time the dying woman pressed her lips to my ear, and said, hardly audibly,

"Bless you, Henry; all will be well, dear. We have been miserable sinners, and I am not your mamma!"

And she fell back on the bed without motion. Her hand slipped from mine. A great mist swam before me. I saw the faces of Monsieur Charles, the doctor and Mrs. Martha Timbs; then I fainted away.

When I recovered I found that Mrs. Timbs was tending my brows with cold water, while monsieur and the doctor stood at the bedside, whispering.

"All is over," said Doctor Pestilend. Be comforted."

The face of Monsieur Charles was buried in a very white pocket-handkerchief.

"You are sure that she is quite dead?"

"Quite. The excitement overcame her. Pray be comforted."

The doctor's certificate was sound; mamma had died in the usual course of events, of decline. Monsieur was grievously cut up by the events. In less than a month afterwards I stood in the little churchyard of the neighboring village, Caverford, puzzling my brains over the following inscription:

GONE BEFORE.

SACRED

To the Memory of

LOUIZA,

Wife of

THE LATE HENRY VANHOMRIGH FROWE, Esq.,

Who Departed this Life at Caverford,

On the 14th of March, 1845,

Aged 39 Years.

This Tablet was erected by her loving Brother-in-Law, Leonard Charles.

CHAPTER IX.—FACES NEW AND OLD.

I soon ascertained that Leonard Charles, the loving brother-in-law who raised the white stone tablet to mamma's memory, was legally appointed my guardian. Mamma had arranged this in a will, which had been drawn up many months before her death. So, at least, I was led to believe, by means of certain dark consultations which took place under the eye of papa's portrait. There was a hungry-looking lawyer, whom I loathed; there was Monsieur Charles, whom I feared; there were two seedy relatives from London, with whom monsieur appeared to be well acquainted. The will was read in full conclave, and I was handed over bodily to the tender mercies of the owner of the Parisian mousetrap.

But this state of affairs was so peculiarly repugnant to my juvenile mind, that I protested. I made bold to tell my uncle, as he called himself, that I had a cupboard skeleton, and that it was made of gold; in other words, that there was some wicked mystery connected with the disposal of myself and my property.

"Now, mark you," he said, blushing impudently, "those are rash words."

We were sitting alone together in the drawing-room, in the twilight.

"Yes, rash words," he continued. "Quarrel with me, and you quarrel with your bread and butter; keep friends with me, and you butter your bread on both sides. You hear?"

"I hear and understand. I wish I had been born a beggar."

"Impudent, that wish of yours. Attend to me, nephew. Beggars are not at all enviable. In the first place; riches are enviable, in the second place; finally, it is not too late to take to begging, if you have any predilection for that sort of life."

"Words like those are easily spoken, sir; but they do not affect the matter in hand."

He laughed, mockingly. I somehow felt assured that he was desirous of picking a quarrel with me—why, I knew not and cared not.

"They tell me," I said, "that I have property coming to me. That is the case, is it not?"

"That is the case."

"And that it should come into my possession when I am twenty-one years of age?"

"I believe that such is the arrangement of your lamented mamma."

"Very well, then," I cried, recklessly, "sign me a receipt in full give it me, and let me go; I would rather not touch the money or property you speak of."

The effect of this absurd proposal was peculiar. My uncle's eyes flashed, his face turned white, and, coming close to my side, he shook his fist in my face.

"I shall do nothing of the sort. Take your own course and do as you please."

He took his white hand away and laughed, as if he had done something funny. I said nothing, but rose from the seat and walked from the room. As I approached the door I saw a dark figure flutter from it—the figure of a woman. It passed along the lobby, and I followed. I pursued it into small, dark pantry, when I came up with it, face to face, and ascertained that it was Mrs. Martha Timbs. She was excited and pale.

"I was listening," she whispered, grasping my arm. "I heard you."

I nodded my head, and said, briefly, that I had thought as much.

"The villain!" she was good enough to say.

I appreciated the expression.

"If you think it better to go—go. No harm shall come of it, and you shall have help. What will you do?"

"Go away."

"Very well; you shan't come to harm. Take this paper; friends are always to be heard of at that address. Write to it occasionally

(address to me), for the friends wish to know where you are. All will come right in time, but the time has not yet arrived."

I promised to do as she requested, and pocketed the paper.

"When will you go?" she asked, abruptly, after a short pause.

"To-night."

"Very well. You shall hear from friends immediately. Have you any money?"

"A little—nearly three pounds."

"Here is something more. Pshaw! don't thank me; I have my own ends to serve."

I shook her by the hands, and her firm, cold face softened.

"God bless you!" she said, gliding away into the darkness, and leaving in my hand a little purse of beads, which contained three pounds in gold and some loose silver.

We went to bed early in those sad times. It was about nine o'clock when I retired to my little room, took the carpet-bag which I had brought with me from school, and began packing into it all my available property. That done, I laid down on the bed in my clothes, waiting until the members of the household should all be retired to rest. At about ten, monsieur knocked at my door, wishing me good-night through the keyhole, and I answered him quite cheerfully.

My notions as to what I should do in my extremity were as shadowy as the fear which suggested flight. I had some thoughts of seeking the protection of Mr. Lorel. I had other thoughts of going on board ship, becoming an admiral. I had still other thoughts of searching out the velvetene man, and wringing his secret from him forcibly. Anything, I decided, was better than my Golden Skeleton; but I did not reflect at the time that I was bound to take my Golden Skeleton with me.

Strictly speaking, it was not my moral consciousness of evil so much as my desire for excitement of some kind that encouraged me to fly from the home-cupboard, where my Skeleton had originally been kept. My days had been so lonely and my heart so solitary, that I looked upon a flight with the world as an intoxicating draught to drown care.

It was pitch dark when I crept down stairs with my carpet-bag in my hand, and stole along the dimly-lighted lobby towards the front door. Passing by the drawing-room door, which was on the jar, I heard voices.

"I say again," said the voice of Mrs. Martha Timbs, "that no harm shall come to him."

"And I say again, you goose," said the voice of Monsieur Charles, "that no harm is meant to him. Nevertheless, I have ends to serve."

"You villain!"

"Bah! Don't be aggravating. Come, kiss me."

"I wish that my kisses could poison you; that my lips could curse you."

"You silly little woman, come here. There, feel my pulse. It beats coolly, Martha. Well, then, do you know that, if you are so obstinate, I shall be compelled to kill you?"

"Kill me!" in a scornful tone.

"Yes."

She laughed, mockingly, and I crept down stairs. Two moments afterwards I had reached the door, closed it behind me, and stood alone under the starless night.

I walked along the road in the direction of the village. Something led me towards the churchyard where the dead lady had been buried. The wall was low and narrow, and I crawled over it. As I did so, I became conscious of the sound of footsteps behind me. I listened, and they ceased. It was dark, but I found out the grave by its locality, and bending my eyes close to the tablet, I made out, or fancied I made out,

"SACRED"

To the Memory of—

A dark figure sprang up from behind a tombstone, and almost frightened me into fits. It came close up to me, till I recognised the velvetene person. I was not at all sorry to see him, in spite of the mystery which attached itself to him.

"I knew you'd do it," he said, triumphantly. "How are you?"

I told him that I was perfectly well, physically, but that I was rather uneasy in mind.

"Of course you are!" he cried. "I've had my eyes on you; they've been humbugging you."

"I'm afraid they have."

He walked up to the tablet and kicked it savagely, growling aloud.

"I'm going to make pills out of this tombstone to choke them with. They'll find it almost as tender as that inscription. You've read it, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"And your opinion is—? I know that it's all stuff and nonsense. You're right. Sacred, indeed! It ought to be ashamed of itself for deluding the innocent. Ne-ver mind!"

He growled the last words slowly and decidedly, impressing me with the belief that the "never mind" comprehended a final decision that matters should be set right.

"Shall I tell you what you've done? You've done just what he wanted you to do. You quarrelled with him, packed up your things, and ran away. I knew you'd do it, and have been waiting to see you. Now, then, where are you going?"

"Anywhere."

"No, you don't, if I can help it. I look here! In the first place, you ain't afraid of me, I hope?"

"Not a bit."

"That's right. I'm not much to look at; but it serves my purpose to do you a good turn. Say you trust me, and give me your hand on it."

I said I trusted him, and I gave him my hand on it immediately.

"Come along, then."

He led the way from the churchyard, and I followed him. I'm afraid my trust in him was not so great as to prevent me from feeling any qualms in his company. But I reflected. I came to the conclusion that nothing else could be done under the circumstances, and I had every hope, at the time, of getting out of the velvetene person (whose fault seemed candor) the mystery of my Golden Skeleton.

"Don't be afraid," said my companion, after we had left the churchyard behind us. "They won't miss you till morning; and what is more, I fancy they won't care to go very far in the search for you. How's Mrs. Timbs?"

This question reminded me of the conversation I had heard as I passed the drawing-room. I described to him the nature of that conversation. He gnashed his teeth, but said nothing.

After a pause, he spoke, in an accidental way.

"I knew Mrs. Timbs years ago, and liked her. I know her by sight at the present time, and pity her. You see, Master Brown, her husband is a brute and a humbug."

"I never liked him."

"Like him! I should think not. He'd murder his own baby, if he had one, to make its blood into black puddings."

I hereupon entered into a description of the scene I had witnessed that evening when Timbs had struck his wife a blow. The velvetene person winced, and grinned savagely.

(To be continued)

LUCILLE DE VERNET:

A TALE OF

WOMAN'S HATE.

CHAPTER XXXII.

PARIS was reached, and though late in the day Madeline and Lucille took the little stage that was to set them down at the cottage of Rose Perre, and at each revolution of the wheels the agitation and anxiety of both increased. Neither spoke, but with their hearts reflected in their eyes looked alternately on each other and the landscape before them. At length the little village was in sight. They looked from the window, each expecting, though darkness was veiling objects from view, to see the one their whole thoughts were bound up in start up before them from the clumps of turf and wild thyme, with which the village on all sides was fringed. At length the coach stopped; it was before the cottage of Rose Perre, and a woman stood in the entrance in deep mourning, as if expecting them. It was Rose Perre, and her gloomy brow and moist eyes told that they had come, not as they had anticipated, to the home of happiness. A faintness came over Lucille as she said, in a low tone,

"My child! ask her for it, Madeline."

"Let us enter the cottage," said Madeline, in the same tone, "it is night, she may be in bed."

"Ah! but the woman is in black," said Lucille. "The house seems almost tenanted; death has been busy within its walls."

This was uttered in a hollow voice. As she entered, the mother's high raised hopes vanished. She glanced round, then sank on a chair, for the glance told her that the woman was sole tenant of the poor habitation.

Madeline, little better in spirit, tried to utter words of consolation.

"Dearest Lucille," she said, "do not despair; this is unlike you, to meet misfortune midway." Then turning to Rose, she added "Have you received a letter? did you expect us?"

"Yes, madam," she returned, sobbing; "and my heart is broken at the mischief I have done. That lady is the original of the beautiful picture which Birdie called her mamma."

"Yes, yes!" said Lucille; "but what of Birdie? She lives—say she lives, and all else will be forgiven you."

"She lives," said Rose Perre; "yes, she lives, and is well cared for, but—"

Here she was interrupted, for Lucille slightly screamed, and every trace of color quitted her cheeks and lips, and she fell back inanimate. She had fainted; her sorrows had been too intense for a moment's inaction; but the two words, "she lives!" had caused such a sudden revulsion that it deprived her for a time of life, proving that joy is more powerful in its operations than the severest grief. It was some time before she recovered. When she opened her eyes, Rose Perre was bathing her hands. A moment she looked wildly round, and then exclaimed, firmly grasping the hand that held her, "You said she lived; at once tell me if your words had truth in them, deceive not yourself, by deceiving me, for I must know it. That morning dress, why do you wear it?"

"Alas! madam, I am a childless mother, like yourself, with but this difference, that you may once more press a mother's kiss on the lips of your child; but mine, my little Blanche, sleeps with her father, the sleep that neither father nor child will awake from."

Lucille saw in a moment the depth of the woman's grief. She pressed the hand she had grasped, to her lips. "Pardon me," she said, "absorbed in my own sorrow, I forgot all else; but you have a mother's heart and can feel for mine; compose yourself before proceeding further, I can wait with firmness now I know of my child's welfare."

Rose piled up her turf fire, and drew Lucille's chair close to the hearth, and with sundry articles stopped up the broken panes in the window to keep out the autumn wind, which whistled sharp and fitfully through them; for Lucille shivered as the cold blast brushed over her, lifting unceremoniously the light curls from her forehead, and she shivered more, when she thought that during the inclemency of the last winter her child had been exposed to its piercing blasts.

Rose Perre's tale was soon told; and both Lucille and Madeline shed tears for her, as well as for their own bereavement, and when it was ended, the former asked if they could be accommodated for the night beneath her roof.

"It will be poor accommodation, madam," replied Rose; "but the children's bed still stands there, which is at your service; I have not had heart to take it away, for Birdie begged so piteously that it might remain. Poor child! she used, after Blanche's death, to bury her head in the pillow and sob herself to sleep; and a sore illness she had on that bed, brought on by sitting on the cold grave, and when she quitted, leaving her cloak on it to keep poor Blanche warm. Ah, madame, you will go to the churchyard, I hope, if only to see the rose-tree and forget-me-nots blooming so luxuriantly on the little sward, all planted by the tiny hands of Birdie."

Lucille wept copiously at this trifling incident of her child's affection and sensibility; and as that child had so often done, she buried her head deep in the poor, small pillow, and sobbed herself to sleep.

Madeline stretched herself beside Rose Perre, but her busy mind vainly sought repose; her ardent spirit wanted to be up and away on the path she had determined to pursue. She had vowed to find no resting-place till the child, lost through her uncontrollable illness, was again restored to its parents; and she determined as soon as she had seen Lucille in England and joined Blanche, together they would commence a new search with what she hoped now a clue to guide them.

Lucille dispatched a short letter to her husband, telling him in as softened terms as possible the result of her journey, and that she should remain a few days beyond the prescribed time from England. Indeed, the spot she was on had charms for her, even more deeply linked with her sympathies than her chateau, or the home of her childhood; for it was here her child had first begun to think, and young as she was, to feel desolate in the midst of life and battle; it was here she had mourned the loss of companionship, and oppressed with sickness, had had none but strangers to bestow the charitable mite and scanty aid upon her infant wants.

Lucille walked to the churchyard with Rose, who pointed out the grave of her husband and child. The grass was thick and green upon it, and Lucille knelt beside it, and with a silent prayer rested her forehead on the spot she fancied Birdie's had so often touched before; then plucking a rose and a handful of forget-me-nots, she placed them reverently in her bosom, saying in a low, choked voice, as if speaking to herself, "They are the last relics I shall ever see of my darling. They shall not leave me while I live, and in death they shall go with me to the grave."

Madeline was weeping silently near—perhaps the same thoughts were passing through her mind, for she kissed the blossoms she culled, and hid them in her dress.

When Lucille had recovered sufficiently to speak on other subjects, she said to Rose, "A monument must be erected here to the memory of your husband and child, Madame Perre. It will be a feeble tribute to the just and good. It is the only acknowledgment I can bestow for the kindness shown to the being he thought forsaken. And you, Madame Perre—what can I do to serve you?"

"Nothing," returned Rose, with a burst of feeling, "unless, madam, you will take me with you, and let me find a home in your home. Longer I cannot stay in this place. The cord is broken to shreds that bound me to it, all near reminds me of what I had, what I have lost, and that nothing remains to me to lose, and when you depart another void will open in my heart. Madam, if you would do aught for me, let me be your servant."

"Oh!" said Lucille, with a swelling heart, "you have spoken my own wishes, wishes I feared to speak, thinking you would not leave your country. But, Annette, an old and valued servant is compelled to leave me for a time, for the cold damp climate of England has so injured her health, that unless she goes to her own sunny valley for a time there is little hope for her recovery. Will you come with me, then, and be as she has been to me, a humble friend and companion?"

"Joyfully," replied Rose; "make me what you like, I will be grateful if allowed to be near you."

The compact was settled between them, and Madeline and Lucille went to Paris to spend a couple of days with Emile, to whom the latter told her wishes in regard to the monument to be placed over the grave of Jean Perre, and the little gentle girl, who had been to Birdie her all of childish comfort, while she lingered with her in her short pilgrimage.

Rose in the meantime was to prepare herself for her journey, which she performed with alacrity, her hopes of comfort being fixed on a new home, a new country, and views to which, till within a few days, she had been a stranger.

A few days after they landed in England. D'Almaine with folded arms awaited them on the pier; he hastened to receive Lucille, who, with widely different feelings, met him, to those she had parted from him. He drew her arm within his own.

"Hope then was fallacious, my wife," he said, in a low tone, pressing her arm close to his side.

"It has deceived us," she replied; "but I am happier than when racked with doubt. Our child lives, and if appearances can be trusted, is with those who will be kind guardians to her, but I fear to us she is dead."

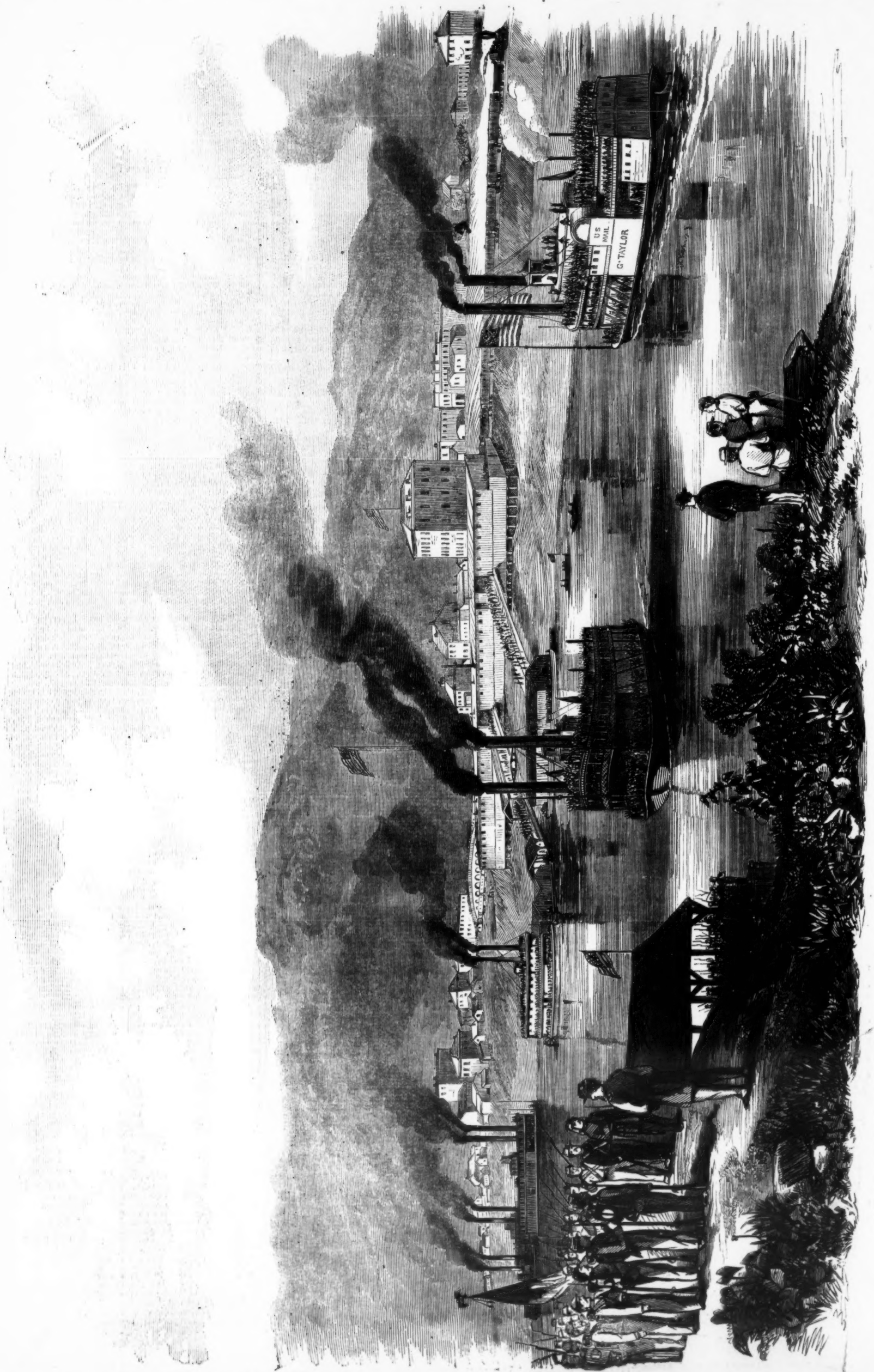
The count groaned. "It is a sorry prospect," he said, after a pause; "I had hoped to have kept the Batisse near us, but we shall shortly lose them; by degrees thus drop our friends from us."

"I regret their loss," said Lucille; "but they quit us in our own cause. May Heaven direct their course!"

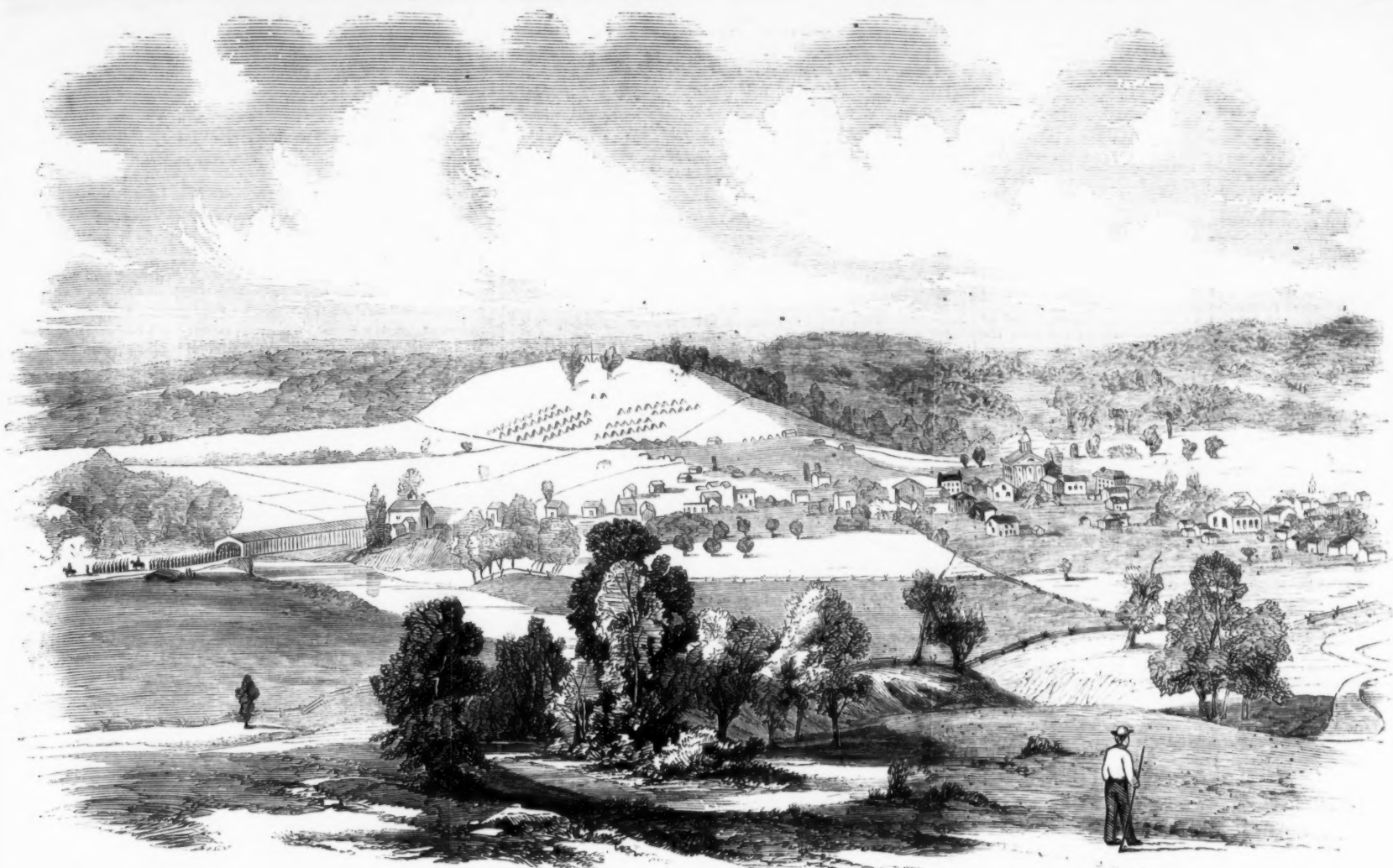
"Amen!" he responded fervently.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE passage of five years often brings great changes, but it had brought but few comparatively to Lucille; all was in the same mysterious doubt concerning her child. Madeline and her husband were still on their vain pilgrimage, and with the exception of being



PELLE AIR, OHIO—STEAMBOATS CONVEYING TROOP: AND MUNITIONS OF WAR FOR THE FEDERAL FORCES ON THE GREAT KANAWHA.—FROM A SKETCH BY EMIL BOTT, WHEELING, VA.—SEE PAGE 211.



VILLAGE OF EALINGTON, ON FEVERLEY FIFE, NEAR LACCEL HILL, WESTERN VIRGINIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR GENERAL McCLELLAN'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 212.

in straitened circumstances, and Lucille's health gradually declining, there was no change with the D'Almaines worth narrating. The large sums spent in the hope of recovering their child had much impoverished them. Their annuity had been sold, the plate and jewels turned into cash, which had also vanished, and the last year of her father's pension—all he had to give—had passed into the hands of Lucille.

It was morning, and Rose Perre, now a steady matron, and the only domestic—if she could be called one—for she was highly valued by her employers, was just removing the breakfast cloth. Lucille was sitting in an easy chair; her elbow on its arm, and her head resting on her hand. She was still beautiful, but much thinner; pale, with an unusual brightness of eye, with a languor about her extremely touching, as it impressed the beholder with an idea of her fragility. D'Almaine entered from the next room, and had gently laid his hand on her cheek before she perceived him.

In deep thought as ever, dear Lucille," he said, in his generally

lively, careless manner, "our small housekeeping causes more long and serious cogitation than any royal household in Europe."

"A thousand times," she replied, attempting to smile, "for I am in daily dread of the supplies being stopped."

"Stopped!" he returned, with a perceptible start. "The dastardly crew will never do that. Promise them, for most assuredly some day they shall be paid."

"I have long promised. I fear we cannot do so much longer," replied Lucille; "but dearest Jules," she added, coaxingly, "I wish I had power to keep you more at home, for unknown to you, because you will not be at the trouble of thinking, a great portion of our small resources are spent in gaieties."

"Oh, you miscalculate, dear Lucille," returned D'Almaine. "Brought up in retirement, you know so little of life, of money or its usages, that could I form my mind to sit over my own fireside for ever, our expenses would not be decreased, for my wants would be heavier; and do but imagine you see me sitting before you week

after week, and month after month, brooding over irremediable misfortunes. You would grow weary of me, and I am sure I should of myself and of life, and I was going to say of you. You had better persuade me to turn preacher at once; but seriously you think too much on these stupid money matters, leave them to themselves awhile till something better shows itself; we have had nothing but losing cards in our hands of late, when next we shuffle them who knows but we may have our share of trumps?"

"But in the interim, what shall we do, Jules? The note I gave you an hour since was our last."

"Our last!" He hesitated, then added, "Well, our money was soon cease to be a burden to us, for every penny of the note is doomed. There now," he continued, kissing her, "you are going to expostulate, thus let me stop your lecture till our next meeting. Good-bye, my dear, do not despair, for every cloud, however dark has its silver lining."

Lucille's face, which had sunk on her hands, remained there long



BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. H. LANE, OF KANSAS.—SEE PAGE 211.



COLONEL WM. P. BENTON, EIGHT REGIMENT INDIANA VOLUNTEERS.—SEE PAGE 211.

after he had departed. "How thoughtless he is," she said, mentally; "possessed of such noble qualities, kind, generous and benevolent, yet will he not listen a single minute to my pressing entreaties. And if he did," she added, with a sigh, "I know not that it would remedy our emergencies, for he is too proud to ask a favor, and so uninitiated in every method to relieve our circumstances, that if they depended on his exertions they would fail. On myself, then, must depend the trial. Something must be done, but which way to turn or what to fix upon I cannot determine."

She opened her desk and took from it a roll of papers. They were bills, and, spreading them before her, ran hastily over their gross amount; then, with a deep drawn breath at the calculation, with quivering fingers consigned them again to the desk, and threw herself back in the chair to think over some plan to relieve their necessities. She thought of her few accomplishments, music and drawing, but she had confidence in neither; and, after many a review of them, turned heart sick from the project, in the dread that her talents were not equal to the task of a teacher. She was in the same posture, the same thoughts busily racking her brain, when they were broken in upon by a rather sharp rap on the hall door. She started, alarmed, doubting not but it was some clamorous creditor, and approached the room door to warn Rose; she could not see any one, but the door was already opened, and a voice, the tones of which seemed familiar to her, demanded to see her.

The gentleman stepped in, and, to her surprise, an old friend of her father, the manager of the Opera-house, saluted her with the familiarity and kindness of old friendship.

"I am glad to find you alone," he said, when they were seated, "for had the count been at home I should have been afraid to have named my errand."

"Ah!" she returned, smiling, "and what can be the errand to the wife that the husband's presence would affect so seriously?"

"It is a favor, madame, I have come to ask; and really it is so profound a one that I almost fear to put it to you, lest I should offend."

"Pray proceed, sir," said Lucille, "for I promise not to be too implacable if you commit yourself, being assured that it will not be done intentionally."

"Thanks for your encouragement. I will at once to my errand. I engaged a lady on very high terms, in the autumn of last year, as a singer; to-morrow she was to have made her debut; but last evening I received notice that my prima donna had accepted higher terms, and would appear at Covent Garden on Monday, in the very character she was to have come out in at the Opera-house. Well, madame, I have, you perceive, no time to make my wrongs known to the public. I am their servant, and must provide for them as promised, or suffer obloquy for it. I have, therefore, on the strength of mine and your father's friendship for each other, presumed to come to you, to ask for your assistance."

"Mine?" exclaimed Lucille, in unfeigned astonishment. "How can that possibly be? How can I assist you in this emergency?"

"By appearing before the public an hour, and singing three or four songs in Italian, both of which you are perfectly competent for."

"I appear before the public as a singer?" said Lucille. "Monsieur, you do but jest."

"No, on my honor, madame. If you will so far oblige me, I shall be your debtor for ever."

"But my voice?" said Lucille.

"Is admirable," said he. "Your consent is all I require. You know how often I have hung enraptured on your voice, and regretted it was doomed to a confined sphere."

"But sorrow, monsieur, will change the voice as much as it will dim the eye and complexion, even more than time, and I have tasted many of its bitters since you last listened to my singings."

"Your beauty has certainly not the freshness, nor your form the plumpness it had the year of your marriage," said he; "but the loss of bloom has added to the interest of your appearance, and your voice, when last I heard it, if it had lost in compass, had gained in mellowness to compensate for it."

"But my husband," she said, thoughtfully, without noticing his compliment. "I fear to grant your wish without his knowledge; his repugnance is so great to a lady appearing on the stage, that his consent would never be obtained."

"When do you expect his return?"

"This evening," she replied; "but to-morrow he goes to Lord Liveray's for a week."

"Then why need he know about it?" said the manager. "The bills have long been printed announcing the singer's debut. Why need the name be changed? It will suit my plans infinitely better that it should not, and you will appear before the public as Signora Venoni. It will enhance our triumph; and you live so secluded here that the deception can never be detected; and you will not, dear madame, be the first who has been introduced to the world under false colors."

"But, unused to crowds, suppose I should break down on my introduction."

"Should I, you, the event will be inevitable," he replied, "and will not affect the fame of either of us; and now, madame, may I hope that my bold request will be acceded to?"

"I am willing to oblige you," she replied; "and, as you insure my incognito, I consent."

"A thousand thanks!" he exclaimed; "and now will you open the piano and strike a few notes?"

Lucille readily assented, and opening her book at an Italian air, sang it with such effect that the manager in ecstasies declared it was beyond his expectations, and entreating a further favor, that she would attend a rehearsal, with her half-reluctant consent to the measure departed.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

No sooner had the manager quitted her presence than Lucille took a more serious view of what she had engaged to perform, and apprehension from different causes made her regret that she had so readily entered into his view. In the first place, the idea of her habitual timidity assailed her with full force; then, should the count by any chance become aware of it, she knew his displeasure would be unbounded. "But it is too far gone for me to recede," she exclaimed; "I will, therefore, whatever the result, do my best for my father's friend;" and, as much to divert her mind from dwelling on the subject, as practice she sang over several times the songs pointed out by the manager, much to the surprise of Rose Perre, who, although she listened with pleasure to the sounds she had so seldom heard before, and never in the count's absence, feared they foreboded evil to her lady's peace of mind.

For the first time since she had known him Lucille saw her husband depart next morning with pleasure, and though her hand lingered in his, and she half recalled him as he quitted the house, so irksome was it to keep a secret from him, she allowed him to go without the least suspicion of her design.

According to appointment the manager called for her in the morning, to attend her at rehearsal; and telling Rose not to expect her return till late in the evening, Lucille, with newborn feelings, in which hope for the manager's sake had a great share, proceeded to commence a new career.

The rehearsal was a trifle, and supported by the encouraging words and smiles of the manager, it passed with satisfaction, and Lucille exerted her strong mind to obtain calmness for her undertaking. She thought she had done this till the bell rang to warn her to prepare. She started, for it sounded like a death knell on her heart, and tremblingly and involuntarily she uttered, "So soon. Oh, Heaven! I fear the trial."

"Be calm, dear madame," said the manager, who began to have apprehensions that at the eleventh hour he should be deserted; "compose yourself. These feelings are natural; it must be a bold heart that faces a first appearance without them."

Then, taking her hand, the manager led her with soothing words onward. She was at the entrance of the stage before she raised her eyes, when, dazzled by the glare of light and the world of faces before her, she cried, "Stop! I am unable to proceed."

"Courage!" said the manager. "If you appear not, we shall be ruined."

Thus assured, she rallied herself, and, pressing his hand, after an effort which she knew not herself she was capable of, said, "I am ready!"

The next moment she stood before the public a candidate for favor. Deafening plaudits fell on her ears. Alas! there is no escape now; and for a brief space she heard or saw nothing, yet felt all the force of her situation. But power soon came; she unclosed her eyes and glanced round. "Why should this multitude alarm me so greatly?" she thought; "were the numbers but a hundredth part, my fears would be equal." And, gracefully advancing as the plaudits subsided, she curtsied, the music struck a few

chords, then came the symphony; and her voice, at first low and soft, fell on the ear and reached the heart, and, when a lover of her art, she forgot herself and all around, its full rich melody swelled through the house, entrancing even those who were there to criticize and condemn.

At the end of the verse a dead silence reigned around her, a thousand times more gratifying than the loudest plaudits, for it told the intensity of the listeners' admiration; but when the air ended the simultaneous applause burst forth with such vehemence that the poor debutante, nearly overwhelmed by it, for a time could scarcely bear up against the tumult it created in her soul.

Her part, a mere bagatelle, with the exception of the operatic, was enacted chastely, and with a degree of spirit, perhaps as pleasing to an audience in such a part as the finest acting; and at the conclusion of the piece she was compelled to submit to be led forward to receive the showers of approbation and bouquets from every part of the house.

The manager's thanks were unbounded; and his wife, who had attended her throughout the day, saw her home in her own carriage, and put a note into her hand at parting. Lucille, fatigued, laid it on the dressing-room table without noticing it; but when she rose in the morning it was the first thing that presented itself, and, on opening it, a cheque for one hundred pounds fell to the floor. Surprised at the large amount, she thought it must be a mistake, and, calling Rose Perre, enclosed the note to the manager, and dispatched her with all haste to him.

The manager smiled as he read the contents of her letter, and turning to Rose, said, "It is all right, my good woman. Take it back with you, or stop; I will go to you with the banker's and get it changed. It will save another journey;" and writing a few lines, to satisfy her he had only sent her what he should have given Signora Venoni, begged she would consider it her due.

Lucille read and re-read the few lines, scarcely believing it possible that for singing a few songs to oblige a friend she was to be rewarded by so large a sum; but as the manager considered it her due, and as it would prove such a desirable windfall, she hesitated not to accept it under her present straightened circumstances; and again taking from her desk the bills she had dwelt upon with such dread and anxiety the day before, busied herself in dividing the money among her creditors. She had scarcely done it when the manager was again with her. There was a sparkling in his eyes and a smile on his lips as he pulled from his pocket the *Times* and the *Morning Post*.

"Look," he said, "our triumph is complete. It is beyond my most sanguine expectations, spite of the high estimation in which I held your musical powers."

He then read with great emphasis, and with as much speed as his knowledge of the English language would permit, the high encomiums lavished on her talents by the writers in the several journals.

Lucille smiled at his earnestness, and would have thanked him for his munificent present, but he stopped her by saying, "A trifle, dear madam, it was not even your due; but I have come again a petitioner, to ask if you will undertake the twenty-five nights of the Signora Venoni. Three thousand pounds was the sum she was engaged at, but if you do not deem it a sufficient remuneration for your talents, it shall be increased."

"To me it seems an incredibly large sum for so trifling a return," replied Lucille, "and most willingly, nay, thankfully, would I accept it but for Monsieur D'Almaine, who, in our present circumstances, is even prouder than when surrounded by rank and fortune."

"Yes, yes, I can enter into his feelings," said the manager; "but by your accepting this offer, he will not be the first Frenchman whose talents or those of his wife have supported him."

"True," returned Lucille. "I have no qualms of conscience myself on the subject."

"But what, dear madam?" interrupted the manager; "none of your friends need know of this engagement. The name in the announcement may remain, for there are more Venonis in the world than one, and so I believe the one who has jilted me will find to her cost, if I am fortunate enough to overrule her scruples."

Lucille was silent, but she took a brief review of her circumstances, and the advantages of the engagement; in the first was dependence and straitened means, in the last comparative affluence. Her good sense told her she should not hesitate; but dread of D'Almaine's disapprobation made her waver, and her pressing necessities at length turned the scale. She accepted the engagement on the terms that her real name should not transpire, and that if it should come to her husband's knowledge she must be guided by his will.

The delighted manager willingly consented. She was to sing twice a week for three months, and he undertook to arrange the rest for her. A carriage was hired, another servant in the place of Rose Perre, who was to attend her at the theatre, and numerous other advantageous charges were planned and executed; an advance of salary, which was particularly desirable, was proffered and accepted; and if Lucille could have had D'Almaine's approval of her plans, she would have been happier than she had been for years.

(To be continued)

THE KNIGHTS OF OLD-LOUIS NAPOLEON AND THE DUCHESS.

DURING the winter of either 1828 or 1829, Louis Napoleon, being then on a visit to his aunt, the Grand Duchess of Baden, was walking on the banks of the Rhine with her and his two cousins, the Princesses Josephine and Marie of Baden, attended by numerous members of the Court. The conversation turned upon ancient French gallantry. The Princess Marie was, with much wit and piquancy, praising those chivalrous times, and the "preux chevaliers," who adopted as their motto, "God, my King, and my Lady," and who, to prove their fidelity, shrank from neither peril nor sacrifice. She contrasted with this picture of former times the views and customs of the present age. Louis Napoleon joined in the discussion with all the warmth of his years. He maintained that, in courage and gallantry, at least, the French had not degenerated, and that they still knew how to treat the fair sex with all the homage their forefathers had done. "In all ages," he added, "devotion is never wanting for those women who know how to inspire it." At this moment they arrived at the spot where the Becker, falling into the Rhine, endeavors to force for itself a passage, giving to the tranquil river during winter all the appearance of a stormy sea. To see this had been the object of the walk. As they strolled slowly along the path beside the water—the ladies of the party being engaged in deftly turning their toilettes from a strong breeze—a flower, detached from the head-dress of the Princess Marie, was swept by the violence of the wind into the river. "See," exclaimed the imprudent princess, laughing at her misfortune, "what an excellent opportunity this would have been for a knight of old to distinguish himself!" at the same time directing the prince's attention to the poor flower, which, borne along by the rapid current, was already disappearing in the abyss. "Ah, cousin!" exclaimed Napoleon, "is that a challenge? Very well—I accept it!" And immediately, before any one had the least idea of his intention, he plunged, all dressed as he was, into the flood. Our readers may imagine the fright of the Grand Duchess and her companions, more especially of the young princess, whose thoughtless speech had been the cause of this act of rashness. The air resounded with lamentations and cries for help. The prince, however, was swimming vigorously, battling against the force of the waves; and after having disappeared for some time from the anxious eyes of the spectators, they at last beheld him, after great efforts, safely regain the banks, holding in his hand the precious flower. "Here," said he, as he sprang up the bank, "here is your flower, my fair cousin; but for heaven's sake," he added, laughing, and pointing to his streaming attire, "for the future endeavor to forget your knights of old."

The following paragraph is running the round of the French journals: "A project of extraordinary grandeur now occupies the attention of the world of the fine arts, being nothing less than the reconstruction, on the hill of Montmartre, of the Parthenon of Athens, which has endured the ravages of twenty-two centuries. Our modern archaeologists, aided by ancient and modern researches, flatter themselves that they are able to effect this reconstruction without neglecting even the most minute detail. It is proposed that the work shall be executed by means of a national subscription, superintended by a committee, to be composed of Prince Napoleon, the Duke de Luynes, MM. Ingres, Hittorff, Beulé, Ch. Blanc, Ch. Lenormand, Count de Laborde, &c. The modern structure, like that of Athens, would be built entirely of marble."

TAKING HIM AT HIS WORD—Lord Duce was staying with me, says Scrutator (during his father's life time), for a few days, when dining with us one evening at a neighbor's house, the lady having seen some beautiful geraniums presented by him to my wife, asked him if he could spare her a few plants from his magnificent collection. "Oh, yes," was the ready reply, "a wagon load if you like." Little suspecting that he would be taken literally at his word. Such, however, was the case; for, happening to be on a visit at Woodchester park that same summer, we were walking together, when the earl, seeing a wagon drawn by three horses coming down the drive, exclaimed, "Whose wagon can that be, Henry, coming towards the house?" "We will see," was the reply; when approaching it, the driver stopped his horses, and doffing his hat, with a pull at his forelock, said, "Mrs. B.'s compliments, my lord, and has sent for the geraniums." "What does the man mean?" asked the earl, in surprise. "Ho! ho!" shouted Moreton, unable to control a fit of laughter, "by Jove! the little woman has taken me at my word, and she shall have them, too."

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All questions sent to Mr. Phelan in reference to the rules of the game of billiards will in future be answered in this column. It would be too much labor to send written answers to so many correspondents.

67. Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches, or Items of Interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. M. W., Utica.—Declined, as we doubt such a shot could be made if the cushions were correct.

M. T., Brooklyn.—We played with the same balls used by Messrs. Berger and Scerretier in Buffalo, and saw these gentlemen play with them; they were full 2½ in diameter.

Long Plain, Fair Haven, July 16, 1861.

To M. Phelan.—Sir—Suppose, that in playing the French carom game, on a pocket table, the dark red ball should get hit by the ball first caromed on, and sent into pocket, and that your own should follow it and hit it while in pocket, would it be a count? By answering you will oblige

P. J. P.

Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, June 4th, 1861.

MICHAEL PHELAN, Esq.—Dear Sir—Your decision is desired on the following questions: 1st. A and B were playing pin pool, under your rules for governing the game in San Francisco. A has, by burst, more money in the pool than B has. On A's turn to play he spots a ball, B then spots the same ball; both refuse to break the balls. How shall the game be decided? 2d. The one who first spots the ball is obliged to play in the above case. A. Mch.

3d. On the first stroke in pin pool, should a pin be knocked down before hitting a ball, do both balls spot, or only the one played with? A. Mch.

2d. No. The phraseology of the rules governing the New York and San Francisco game is slightly dissimilar, but the meaning of both is exactly the same.

3d. Only the ball played with.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

BILLIARDS ON THE SEASHORE.—A game of 200 up around the table was played some days since at Atlantic City, N. J., between Messrs. Ralph Benjamin and J. Flanagan, with the following result: Mr. Benjamin, 200; Mr. Flanagan, 165.

PERSONAL.—Mr. Phelan has returned from a short tour in the north-western part of the State. At Syracuse, he played a game of 500 points with Mr. Fox, which was won by that gentleman. On the evening of the 15th, Mr. Phelan assisted at the opening of Mr. Thomas's rooms, in Buffalo. These rooms are very splendidly fitted up, and perhaps superior to any west of New York city, in the Empire State. Mr. Mortimer Humphreys, an amateur, who is considered one of the best non-professional players in Buffalo, very kindly offered the public his services in some games with Mr. Phelan. A very large audience was present, and the spectators expressed their high satisfaction at the skill displayed.

On the following evening, Mr. Phelan assisted at the opening of an elegant room by Mr. Frost, in which are four of Phelan's tables. The superintendent is Mr. Slight, well-known by and deservedly popular with the Buffaloes. On this occasion, also, Mr. Humphreys was kind enough to again oblige the public by giving his services in games with Mr. Phelan.

There has been quite a revival in billiards in the good city of Buffalo. The six tables of Mr. Thomas and the four of Mr. Frost are the first of Phelan's tables introduced into Buffalo. They have been so generally admired, and their excellence is so patent, that Mr. Darling, who is the pioneer of billiards in Buffalo, has given orders to have two tables manufactured for him.

At Niagara Falls, Mr. Phelan played several games at the International Hotel, where there are four of Phelan's tables. In Hamilton, C. W., Mr. Phelan played in Mr. Davis's room with the proprietor, who is considered the best player in Canada; also with the same gentleman in Mr. Murray's and Mr. Gillespie's rooms. All three of these rooms have Phelan's tables. In Toronto, Mr. Phelan played a few games with Mr. May, at the Revere House, where there are two of Phelan's tables. Returning, Mr. Phelan played some discount games with a Canadian amateur, at Sarnia, in Mr. Answorth's room (where there are sixteen of Phelan's tables) before a large audience of ladies and gentlemen. Mr. P. also played in Mr. Edmond's room, where there are five of Phelan's tables.

Mr. Phelan returned to this city on the 2d inst., in time to bid M. Berger farewell.

DEPARTURE OF M. BERGER.—This eminent French artist left on Saturday, the 3d inst., by the City of Glasgow for Europe. After having travelled through the greater portion of the United States, and seen everything in the way of billiard-tables manufactured in this country, he recognized the great superiority of Phelan's tables and cushions over everything he has met with. So penetrated is M. Berger with the admirable simplicity and perfection of the Phelan cushion, that he is about to introduce it in France, where Messrs. Phelan & Colclander have already received a patent for the invention.

During his stay in this country, M. Berger has been continually hunted by certain billiard manufacturers, who make no scruple of cheating the public, and who offered him sums of money for the use of his name and the approval of their tables. M. Berger concluded to decline all such offers, the acceptance of which by him would, he considered, be ingratitude towards the American public, repaying their kindness and generous recognition of his talent by allowing comparatively worthless articles to be palmed off on them under the shelter of his name. Before leaving, M. Berger, unsolicited, and at his own urgent request, wrote the following approval of Phelan's tables and cushions:

"On the eve of leaving the United States, I am happy to declare to all amateurs of billiards that, after a tour of eleven months through the principal cities, I have been enabled to judge, in a satisfactory manner, of the superiority of the billiard-tables manufactured by Phelan & Colclander.

"They have united to their manufacture of American billiard-tables that of French tables, of remarkable excellence and beauty.

"For these reasons I am happy to make this declaration."

"BERGER, CLAUDIUS,

"Professor of Billiards, from Paris."

HUMOROUS GLEANINGS.

WHAT is that which every man can divide, but no man can see where it has been divided? Water.

No maiden ever unlocked her heart to a lover, but a kiss was the first prisoner to fly out.

An arch young lady should be an archer, for she can bend her bow as she pleases.

The captain of a vessel is not governed by his mate, but a married man generally is.

Why should potatoes grow better than other vegetables? Because they have eyes to see what they are doing.

We were considerably amused by an account that we lately saw of a remarkable duel. There were six men on the ground, and six misses.

PERHAPS tailors are not braver than other people, but any one of them can face a dozen regimental coats without flinching.

It is said "the hare is one of the most timid of animals, yet it always dies game." Why shouldn't it, when it is always made game of?

"I CAN'T undertake, wife, to gratify all your whims; it would be as much as my life is worth."

"Oh, sir, that is nothing."

A city youth, intending to offer marriage to a young lady, wrote to ask her to unite with himself in the formation of an "Art Union."

The following bill was lately presented to a farmer in Sussex:

"To hanging two barn-doors and myself seven hours, four shillings and sixpence."

A PRUDENT man advised his drunken servant to put by his money for a rainy day. In a few weeks the master inquired how much of his wages he had saved.

"Faith, none at all," said he; "it rained yesterday, and it all went."

A PHYSICIAN calling one day on a gentleman who had been sorely afflicted with the gout, found, to his surprise, the disease gone, and the gentleman rejoicing in his recovery over a bottle of wine.

"Come along, doctor," exclaimed the valetudinarian, "you are just in time to taste this bottle of Madeira; it is the first of a pipe that has just been broached."

"Ah!" replied the doctor, "these pipes of Madeira will never do; they are the cause of all your sufferings."

"Well, then," rejoined the gay incurable, "fill your glass, for now we have found out the cause, the sooner we get rid of it the better."

AN elderly gentleman, named Evans, has been fined twenty shillings by the Southampton magistrates for filling in his census paper inaccurately. He is about seventy years of age, and he stated in the census paper that he was one hundred and five. He refused to correct the error, and said the enumerator had no right to ask the age of any one.

"Go up and hand the royal," said an officer on shipboard to a boy who had never before "swam the salt pond." It was in the night.

"Sir?" answered the lad, inquiringly.

The officer repeated the order.

"Anything in reason, captain, anything in reason," said the boy; "but as to climbing them rope-ladders such a dark night as this, I shan't do it."

BARRYMORE happening to come late to the theatre, and having to dress for a part, was driven to the last moment, when, to heighten his perplexity, the key of his drawer was missing.

"Confound it!" he said, "I must have swallowed it."

"Never mind," said Jack Banister, coolly, "if you have, it will serve to open your chest."

A DISCHARGED policeman, who was called before the Commissioners to prove the bad character of the department, on being asked whether the officer and men were temperate, he thought some of them got drunk, he knew they did. Upon being pressed to name the guilty parties, he, after some hesitation, said he had been drunk himself.

DURING last month the enumerator of a poor district in Fife distributed his schedules among the householders, intimating that he would return for them upon Monday morning. On calling upon that day, however, he was considerably astonished to find that fourteen of the houses were shut up, their occupants having in the interim decamped with bag and baggage, under the idea that they were about to be saddled with a tax. One first female sent one of the enumerators to the right-about-face, characterizing him as having "a pretty stock of impudence to ask any decent woman's occupation."

SOME one was speaking of the snow in New Hampshire as being three inches deep, when a Vermontier, anxious for the credit of his State, interrupted him with:

"Why, darn it, we don't pretend to use snow in Vermont till it is three years old."

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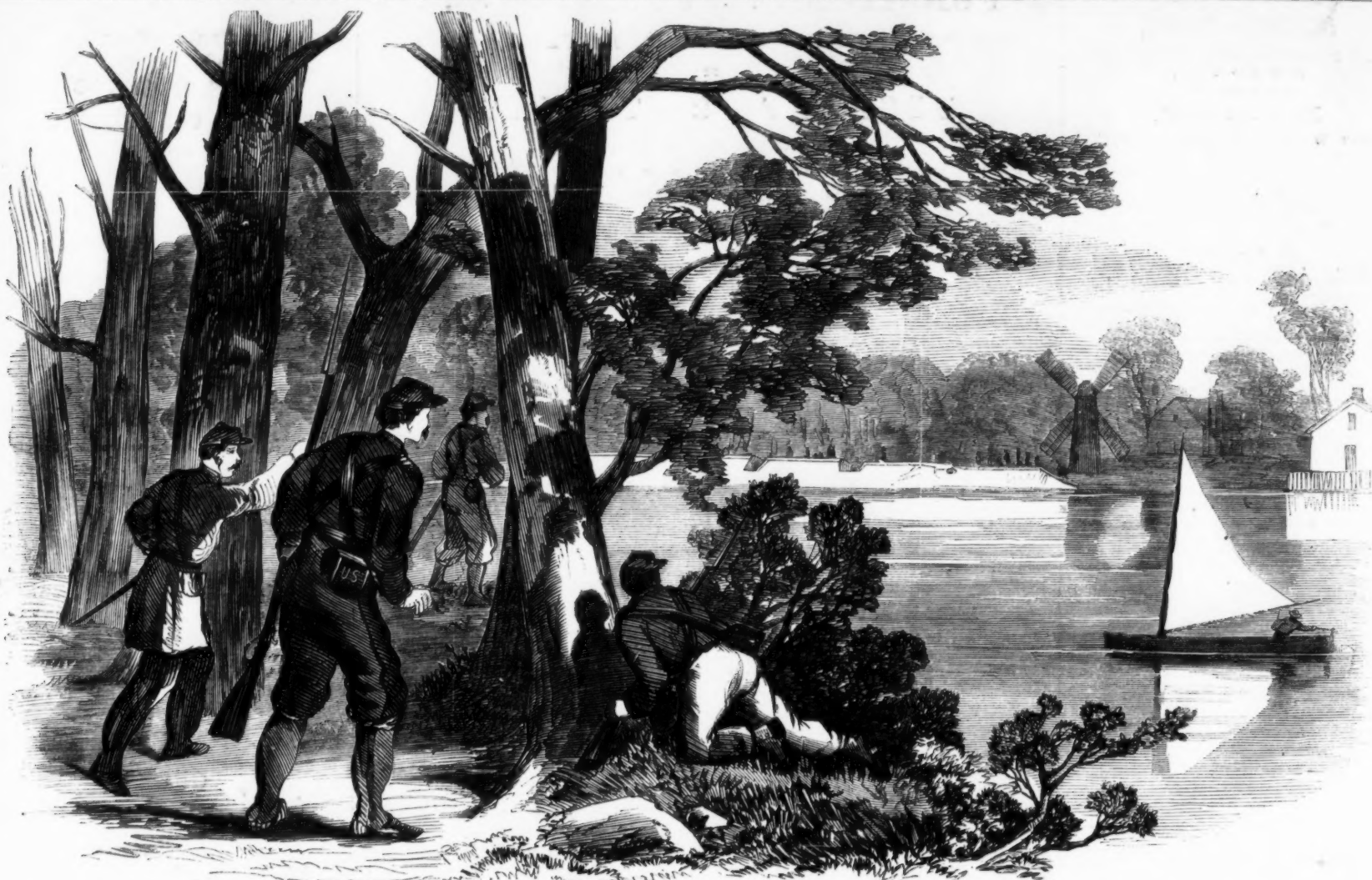
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